

# The Assassins of Hollywood— Silver Screen

Page  
24

March



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J. G. H.  
ROLSTON  
CLARKE



"Girls who know this secret always win out"

*says Irene Dunne*

1  
YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEA-ROSE COMPLEXION

RKO-RADIO STAR

2

NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.

3

IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT-YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . so easy to try . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer *your* skin becomes . . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

9 out of 10 glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin. Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings.

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists say:

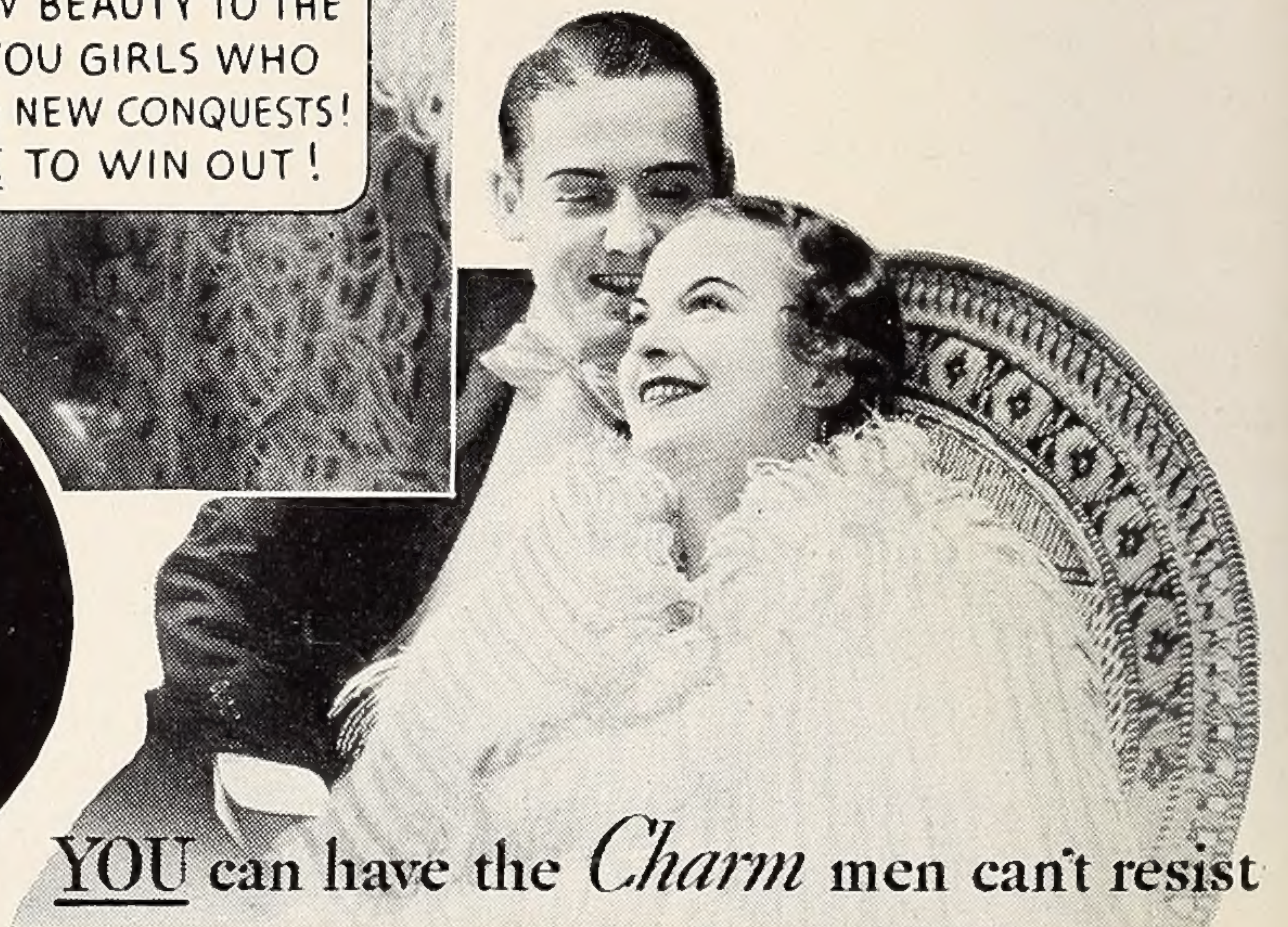
"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type of Skin...  
*dry...oily..."in-between"*



YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist

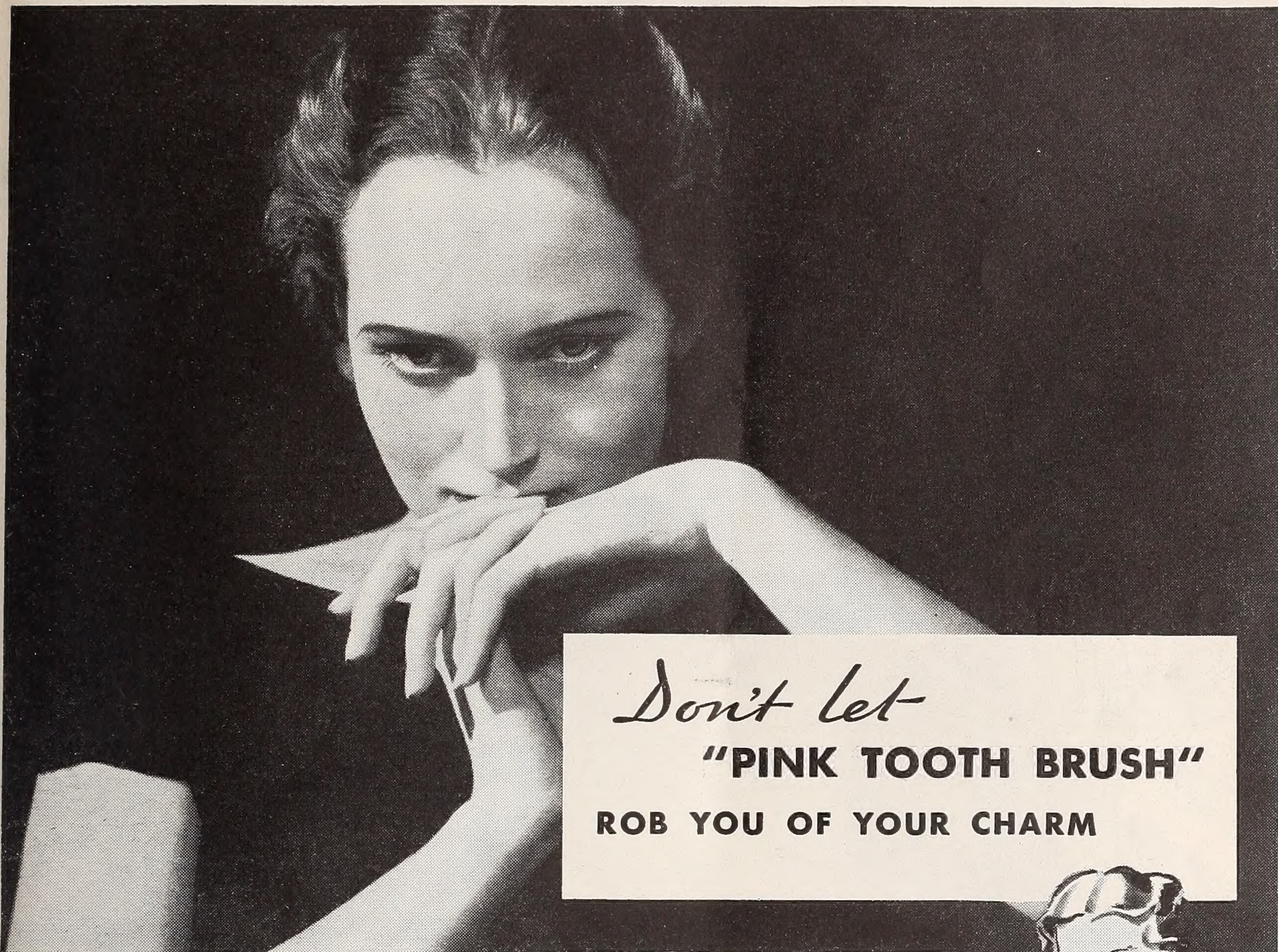






# Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!



*Don't let*  
**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**  
**ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM**



**W**HAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums*, with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at

bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

## DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

*A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.*



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-34  
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



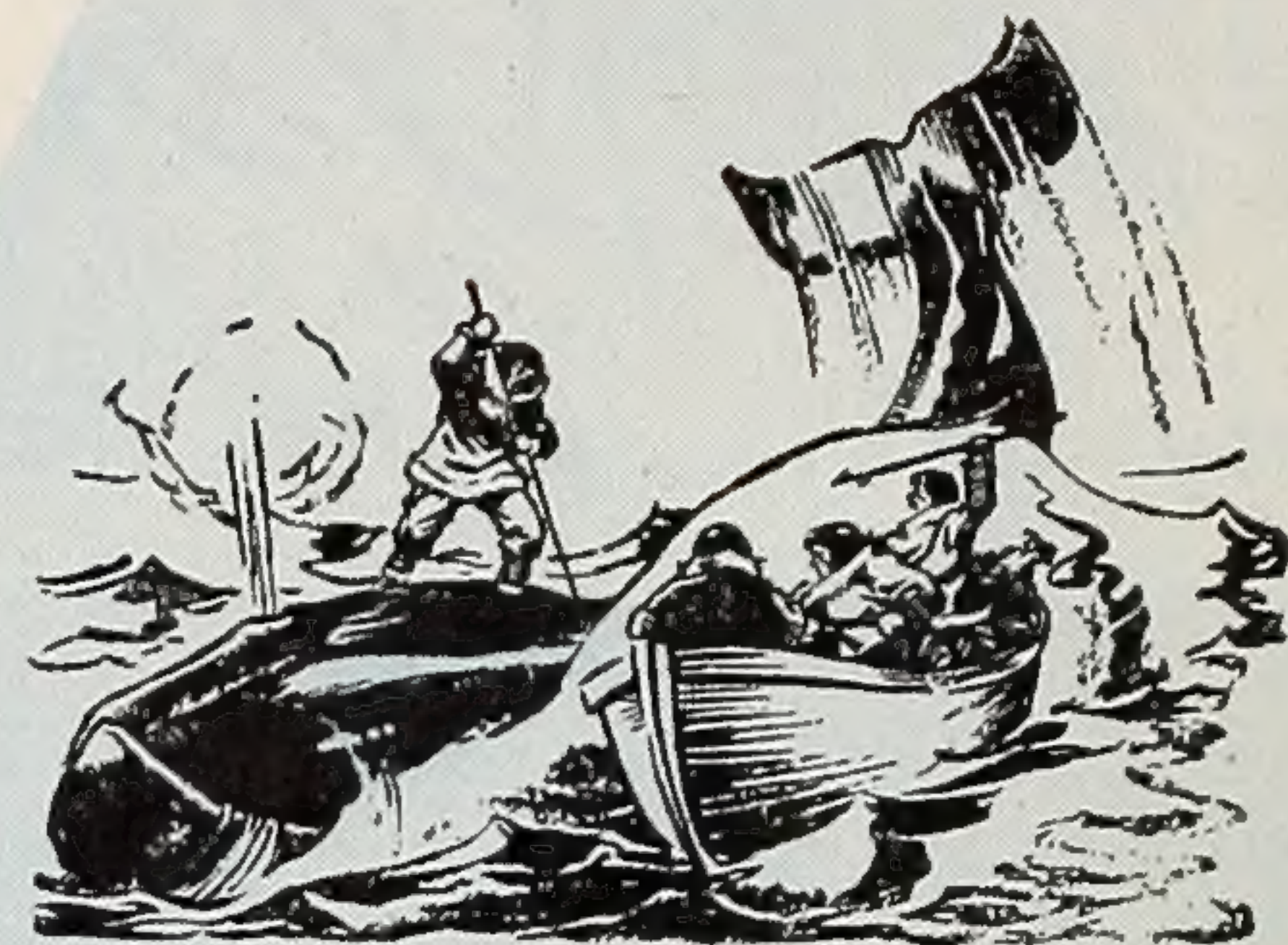
**I P A N A**  
**TOOTH PASTE**



They loved, happy till the white man came!



He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!



The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!



His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!



Stampede of thousands of caribou!



Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!



# ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!



Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!



Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... Associate Producer: Hunt Stromberg

**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture**



REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD  
MARCH 1934

VOLUME FOUR  
NUMBER FIVE

# Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN  
*Editor*

ELIZABETH WILSON  
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## CONTENTS

### SPECIAL FEATURES

	PAGE
A VISIT TO NORMA SHEARER ON THE SET OF "RIP TIDE" <i>Norma Comes Back to Pictures</i>	ELIZABETH WILSON 14
"I'M IN LOVE" <i>Myrna Loy Is Radiant With Happiness</i>	PATRICIA KEATS 16
CLICKED TWICE <i>Douglass Montgomery Makes the Grade a Second Time</i>	CHARLES GRAYSON 17
SOME GROW—SOME SWELL <i>Famous Writer Points Out the Faults of a Few Stars</i>	ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 18
ALL THE WORLD FOLLOWS THE STARS <i>Hollywood Creates the Fads and Fashions</i>	MURIEL BABCOCK 20
STARS AT WORK <i>A Survey of the Studios and Lots</i>	S. R. MOOK 22
THE ASSASSINS OF HOLLYWOOD <i>The Stars Have Good Reason to Fear the "Typers"</i>	RUTH BIERY 24
"DESIGN FOR STARRING" <i>Miriam Hopkins, Star of Broadway and Hollywood</i>	LENORE SAMUELS 27
THERE IS ONLY ONE DOROTHEA! <i>Dorothea Wieck Is Different</i>	HARRIET PARSONS 47

### SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS	5
REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS	6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"	8
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY <i>"Allure"</i>	MARY LEE 10
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS	13
FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT <i>Letters Answered by the Stars</i>	28
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN	48
SILVER SCREEN PATTERN DEPARTMENT <i>Send for a Ginger Rogers' Pattern</i>	73
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE	CHARLOTTE HERBERT 74
THE FINAL FLING	THE EDITOR 74

### ART SECTION—Portfolio of Players

PAT PATERSON, NEW BRITISH BEAUTY	31
CONSTANCE BENNETT, THE TITLED STAR	32
JACK HOLT, VACATION DAYS	33
MARGARET SULLAVAN, MOST RECENT HIT	34
KATHARINE HEPBURN, CENTER OF DISCUSSION	35
JEANETTE MACDONALD, BLONDE SONG-BIRD	36
OTTO KRUGER, ALWAYS GAINING	37
THE "HOMIEST HOME" <i>Bing Crosby's New House</i>	38-39
WYNNE GIBSON AND PRESTON FOSTER	40
DOLORES DEL RIO AND AL JOLSON	41
GENEVIEVE TOBIN, ADOLPHE MENJOU, EDWARD EVERETT HORTON	42
DAUGHTERS OF STYLE <i>Dorothy Lee and Helen Mack</i>	44
EVELYN VENABLE AND FREDRIC MARCH	46

COVER PORTRAIT OF MYRNA LOY  
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

## The OPENING CHORUS



Claudette Colbert all dressed for the last time. She starts "Cleopatra" in the morning.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT recently had a run-in with a six-year-old that quite embarrassed her. The child, a pretty girl with freckles, visited the "Night Bus" company while they were on location in Sunland, in the mountains back of Hollywood. All morning the child watched Claudette and Clark Gable with wide, all-seeing eyes. When lunch was called she ankled over to Claudette and said, "You've got on a wig, haven't you?" Claudette nearly fell out of her chair.

"Y-yes," she agreed. "You see I have to have long hair in this scene and my own hair is cut quite short."

"And you've got paint on your face," Miss Six-Year-Old informed her critically.

"Yes," Claudette agreed, paling under the close scrutiny and fearing what might come next, "All actresses have to wear paint when being photographed."

"Well," said the child, "I wish I was as cute as you are," and walked away.

Lilyan Tashman has a new theory about a woman's hair—and a darned good theory, too, if you ask us, which you haven't. She thinks a woman will rate more male attention if she takes the trouble to change her hairdress at least twice a year. Not just a lock or a swirl or a curl—but a change so decided that when she enters the living room her husband will jump up and say, "My heavens, what have you done to your hair?"

All is not "prop" on a studio set, as Carole Lombard discovered recently, much to her chagrin. She had to wear a very sheer chiffon negligee for one of her scenes in "Bolero" and, arriving on the set too soon, she looked around for a comfortable place to park herself until she was needed. A block of prop ice was handy—but it turned out to be real ice! And was Carole's -er-face red!

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



# REVIEWS

IN A FEW  
WELL CHOSEN  
WORDS



John Lodge and Marlene Dietrich in the Paramount picture, "The Scarlet Empress," which is the new title for the Catherine of Russia story.

**ABOVE THE CLOUDS**—Fair. (Col) The fictional exploits of a newsreel camera-man provide some exciting moments. (Robt. Armstrong, Dorothy Wilson.)

**ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN**—Fair. (UA) Lee Tracy as a fast-talking newspaper reporter who gets demoted to a lonely hearts' column—and is he mortified! Sally Blane and Sterling Holloway support him nobly.

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Fine. (Par) Film version of Lewis B. Carroll's classic, beloved by generations of children and now claimed to be a lofty satire by intellectual adults. (All-star cast, led by Charlotte Henry as "Alice.")

**ALL OF ME**—Fine. (Par) A combination of Fredric March & Miriam Hopkins versus Geo. Raft & Helen Mack can't go wrong, especially when the story has to do with the intense power of love.

**CONVENTION CITY**—Grand Fun. (WB) The wives of travelling salesmen are going to be a leetle bit suspicious of their lords and masters after this one. (Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee, Adolphe Menjou.)

**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Excellent. (RKO) A perfect screen replica of a compelling play. John Barrymore as the East Side lawyer who rises to great heights in his profession. (Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon.)

**CRADLE SONG**—Very beautiful. (Par) Poignant story of a nun whose longing for motherhood is vicariously gratified. (Dorothea Wieck.)

**CRIMINAL AT LARGE**—Good. (Gaumont-Gainsborough) A British film based on one of Edgar Wallace's spooky mysteries. Well cast and directed.

**DAN G LADY**—Excellent. (MGM) You're bound to like this latest Joan Crawford picture of back-stage life. It's got what it takes—besides boasting such names as Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire.

**DARK HAZARD**—Good. (WB) Eddie G. Robinson as a "gentleman gambler" and dog racer. In fact the title refers to Eddie's pet dog, for love of which he even neglects his wife, the beauteous Genevieve Tobin.

**DAWN TO DAWN**—Unusual. (Macpherson) An unpretentious film, but compelling because of its tragic simplicity. Just three characters in it—Julie Hayden, Ole M. Ness, Frank Eklof.

**DESIGN FOR LIVING**—Highly sophisticated. (Par) A diverting comedy about three charming people who vary the "conventional code" to suit themselves. (Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Gary Cooper.)

**DINNER AT EIGHT**—Superb. (MGM) Don't bother about the food. It's the impressive cast that counts. And what a story! If you miss this, you're crazy. (Dressler, Harlow, the Barrymores, Beery, Evans, Billie Burke.)

**EASY TO LOVE**—Fine. (WB) A sophisticated domestic comedy, with such charming performers as Mary Astor, Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton.

**ESKIMO**—Unusual. (MGM) Director Van Dyke takes the bows for this fascinating story filmed in the Arctic with native talent. Malo (the lead) is certainly destined for "matinee-idol raves."

**FAREWELL TO LOVE**—Charming. If you are partial to exquisite scenery and tender melodies, see this foreign film starring Jan Kiepura, the tenor so effective in "Be Mine Tonight."

**FILM PARADE, THE**—Interesting. J. Stuart Blackton, veteran producer of silent days, gives us a "cavalcade of the motion picture," taking us as far back as Tut-Anhk-amen's day to better illustrate his idea.

**FOG**—Fair. (Col) The popular Sat. Eve. Post mystery, laid on a de luxe liner out at sea, becomes a so-so film. The cast includes names like Edmund Lowe, Onslow Stevens, Mary Brien, Donald Cook.

**FRONTIER MARSHALL**—Fine. (Fox) This effective Western takes us back to the colorful Tombstone Valley days. There is an excellent supporting cast for George O'Brien.

**GALLANT LADY**—Fine. (UA) Women will love this drama in which lovely Ann Harding runs the entire gamut of emotions. Sustaining her at various crises are Clive Brook, Otto Kruger, Tullio Carminati, Dickie Moore.

**GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM**—Amusing. (Par) A trip to the Left Bank of Paris where American artists seem to have a tough time making ends meet. (Chas. Ruggles, Chas. Farrell, Marguerite Churchill.)

**HE COULDN'T TAKE IT**—Fair. (Monogram) A yarn concerning a youth (Ray Walker) who is forever losing his job. (Virginia Cherrill, Geo. Stone.)

**HIS DOUBLE LIFE**—Interesting. (Par) A screen come-back for Lillian Gish! Here she plays in a unique yarn from the pen of Arnold Bennett, with Roland Young as her team-mate.

**HOUSE ON 56TH STREET**—Splendid. (WB) A stirring society-drama that will repay you for deserting the radio. (Kay Francis, Gene Raymond.)

**IF I WERE FREE**—Good. (RKO) Ye olde Triangle again—set against a lavish, sophisticated background that proves most alluring, and suavely acted by Irene Dunne, Clive Brook, Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews.

**I LIKE IT THAT WAY**—Fair. (U) Good cast (including Eddie Gribbon, Gloria Stuart, Marion Marsh) good direction and sets, but story only so-so.

**I WAS A SPY**—Excellent. (Brit. Guumont) As the title indicates, this is a war story—vital, compelling, convincing, with a total absence of synthetic glamour. Fine cast includes Herbert Marshall, a beauty named Madeleine Carroll, and Conrad Veidt.

**JIMMY AND SALLY**—Fine. (Fox) A swell business yarn that you'll like. Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor in the name parts.

**LADIES MUST LIVE**—Just Fair. (U) June Knight is given a chance to sing and dance in this story of a Broadway showgirl. Neil Hamilton in cast.

**LADY KILLER**—Good. (WB) You've learned to expect boisterous comedy from Jimmy Cagney, and here you get it, although a bit rougher in spots than usual. Mae Clarke is the damsel that gets kicked around.

**LITTLE WOMEN**—Splendid. (RKO) The outstanding picture of the year! The Louisa M. Alcott classic actually comes alive in this film, headed by Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Jean Parker.

**MAN'S CASTLE, A**—Good. (Col) A shack on the waterfront is Spencer Tracy's "castle," and to it he brings homeless Loretta Young. But that's only the beginning...

**MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL**—Just passable. (Monarch) Our heroine tries to be ultra-modern and have a trial marriage. Later she learns that she was married (while intoxicated) all the time. (Barbara Kent, Don. Dilloway.)

**MASSACRE**—Fair. (WB) Dick Barthelmess in a story of the white man's vaunted superiority on the Indian Reservations. (Ann Dvorak, Dudley Digges.)

**MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Fine. (Par) A timely topic which, in spite of excellent entertainment values, is excellent propaganda against kidnapping. (Dorothea Wieck, Baby LeRoy, Alice Brady.)

**POOR RICH, THE**—Very amusing. (U) Instead of the nouveau riche, we have the new poor trying to keep up appearances. Fine cast headed by Edna Mae Oliver and Edward Everett Horton.

**RAINBOW OVER BRO. DWAY**—Fine. (Chest.) A breezy family from the sticks hits Broadway—result, an amusing musical. (Lucian Littlefield, Joan Marsh, and Grace Hayes, a well known vaudeville trouper.)

**RIGHT TO ROMANCE**—Good. (RKO) Story of a beauty surgeon (Ann Harding) whose absorbing work handicaps her emotional life. Supporting cast includes Nils Asther, Robert Young, Sari Maritza.

**ROMAN SCANDALS**—Excellent. (UA) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyous tunes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Verree Teasdale.)

**SECRET SINNERS**—Only Fair. (Mayfair) A musical with a backstage atmosphere, featuring Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Cecilia Parker.

**SENSATION HUNTERS**—Good. (Monogram) A trip to a cabaret in Panama is as good an excuse as any to dodge the wintry blasts. Interesting story acted by Creighton Hale, Juanita Hansen, Marion Burns.

**SHAKEDOWN, THE**—Fair. (WB) A saga of the corner drugstore, reminiscent of large glass jars filled with pink and green lozenges. Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis, Chas. Farrell in cast.

**SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE**—Fine. (MGM) Sophisticated farce with Alice Brady in one of her fluttery roles, backed up staidly by Lionel Barrymore & Conway Tearle. Mary Carlisle good as an ingenue.

**SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE**—Fair. (Maj.) "All for love and the world well lost" is the theme of this tragic drama featuring Zita Johann & Paul Cavanagh.

**SITTING PRETTY**—Fine. (Par) Jack Oakie and Jack Haley (of the stage) make a swell comedy team in this very entertaining musical. Ginger Rogers and Thelma Todd as the gals who lead them astray.

**STRAWBERRY ROAN, THE**—Fine. (U) A swell Western with Ken Maynard donning the jaunty sombrero of its star.

**TAKE A CHANCE**—Good. (Par) A popular Broadway musical turned into a moderately entertaining film. (June Knight, James Dunn, Buddy Rogers.)

**WHEN A MAN RIDES ALONE**—Fair. (Monarch) Another Western—this time with Tom Tyler taking stellar honors.

**WINE, WOMEN AND SONG**—Just Fairish (Chadwick) A couple of dozen old plots rolled into one to make this back-stage musical, featuring Lilyan Tashman & Lew Cody.

**YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU**—Fine. (B.I.) Filmed in England by Monty Banks, an American, and featuring Thelma Todd (another American) and Stanley Lupino, this musical has haunting tunes and beaucoup comedy.





*Marlene Dietrich*

*in*

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE







CAROLE LOMBARD, GLAMOROUS PARAMOUNT PICTURES PLAYER

## You can have ENTICING EYES

● The prettiest eyes in the world pass unloved, unless they are framed in dark, caressingly-soft lashes. . . .

Ask any artist in make-up, how to get such lashes. She'll tell you:—use a LIVE-tone mascara.

Winx, the new type mascara, is composed of many LIVE tones—not one thick, solid tone. Therefore it darkens lashes and makes them look live, glistening, *natural*. Their silky, languid beauty lasts for many hours. Winx can't smear, smudge or flake off. Never forms ugly "beads."

Two forms—*Cake Winx*, and *Liquid Winx*. Both are tear-proof. Both utterly safe, pure. . . . Complete the magic of your eyes with a gossamer thread of *Winx Eye Brow Pencil* and a touch of *Winx Eye Shadow*.

THE *Subtle* MASCARA **winx**



"MEXICAN ORIZABA" To introduce our Blue-White Rainbow Flash MEXICAN ORIZABA Ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send a 2 Kt. ORIZABA Ring (looks like \$200 stone). Reg. Cat. Price \$5 for this ad and \$1. Mail TODAY. Mention Ring size. AGENTS WANTED. \$1 an hour spare time. Stamp for catalog. If you can tell it from a real diamond, return and money refunded. ORIZABA CO., Dept. SU, 329 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

## BLACKHEADS!



DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads, scientifically, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine", clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY, SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look which means everything in business and social life. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT! No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure, natural

product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cosmetics—send only \$1 TODAY for this unusual skin healthifier. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

KLEERPLEX (Dept. 11)  
1 W. 34th St., New York City, N. Y.  
☐ Here is \$1. Please send me 2 mos' supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or  
☐ I will pay postman plus 20c. P. O. charge. Outside U. S. \$1.25—no CODs  
WRITE NAME-ADDRESS IN MARGIN

MAIL  
COUPON  
MAIL

# "You're Telling Me?"

Please Pass the Raspberries

### First Prize

"WE hear criticism of Garbo's feet, which, we hear, fit comfortably into plus average shoes," writes M. G. Eibergen of Granton, Wisc., "but, oh, how we would love to be in her shoes and be able to fill them as she does."

### Second Prize

"I THINK it was too bad in 'Alice in Wonderland,'" says Helen Cleveland of Winfield Avenue, Baltimore, Md., "that there could not have been just a little tag somewhere on those wonderful creatures, to let us know instantly who they were. I heard folks sitting near me, just as puzzled as I was as to who was who!"

*Lewis Carroll would have done it.*

### Third Prize

ROBERTA BUTTERFIELD of North

Troy, Vt., writes "I wish to say that Lionel Barrymore's characterization in 'One Man's Journey' was perfect. My dad is a doctor and takes his pay often in potatoes, wood, chickens, etc. He has practiced over thirty years and often has thought himself a failure. But I know he isn't, for the people tell me how much they respect and trust him. My eyes filled with tears as I watched the lovable actor, Lionel Barrymore, pay tribute to my beloved country doctor."

"WHY not have a picture with nothing but old time favorites in the cast, such as Clara Kimball Young, Norma Terris, Anita Stewart, J. Warren Kerrigan, Blanche Sweet and Francis X. Bushman—all in the same picture?" asks Estelle Urban of E. Ontario St., Philadelphia, Pa.

*Good idea. We saw Nita Naldi and Mae Murray at the Garbo opening. They looked wonderful.*



Acme

What New York newspaper women look like. Gary Cooper and the new bride, nee Sandra Shaw, receive the press.

SILVER SCREEN



ANNA M. DRISCOLL of Union St., New Bedford, Mass., waxes poetic. "Jokey Jack Oakie, Gay Fay Wray, Racy Lee Tracy, Coy Myrna Loy, Able Clark Gable, Lady Alice Brady, Clown Joe E. Brown, Speeler Ruby Keeler, Scion Ben Lyon, Vixen Marian Nixon, Super Gary Cooper."

*Anna Gets the Banana.*

"I WAS born and raised on a farm and I love the country. But I can't remember when I've ever seen a real farm or country picture," writes Thelma Burger of Rogers Ave., West Springfield, Mass.

*Careful, you'll start a "trend."*

"TOO often we find an excellent feature picture accompanied on the program by inferior short subjects. Why doesn't an imaginative producer supply a short comedy and—let us say—a travelogue to go with the main film?" asks Lois Kaylor of Grand Avenue, New York City.

*It's being done—Warners, for example—but short subjects are never in harmony with anything.*

"I WONDER just how much of the beauty of the screen stars is due to the skill of the make-up man or the photographer," writes Mildred Hundley of Manchester, Iowa. "I can't believe that they're really as lovely as we see them."

*They are lovelier, Mildred. The camera having only one eye cannot see form. Also, theatres with projectors above the screen, distort everything. Miriam Hopkins is so beautiful that when you see her your heart trembles.*

"LIONEL BARRYMORE'S acting is masterly in 'Night Flight,'" writes Irwin Pollack of West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. "His portrayal as an itching night watchman lives with me to this day. Whenever I think of that particular picture I begin scratching myself."

*The most famous itch.*

"THERE is a real thrill in seeing the dancers featured on Broadway," writes Dorothy R. Spicer of Blaisdell St., Minneapolis, Minn. "Fred Astaire's dancing in 'Flying Down to Rio' has twice delighted me, and I could see it many more times—it's something radio can't give us!"

*Radio, the enemy of pictures, again branded inferior.*

"ANYONE can do Mae West's walk with a little practice. Why, even I, who am no more like la West than Greta Garbo, can strut about in that curiously tantalizing fashion," writes Irene M. Woodruff, of Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass. "It's very simple, and is done, not with mirrors, but with a limber hip movement, like the initial movement of the Charleston, if you remember that, and a flexing of the knees as you move. Synchronize the two and you have the typical Mae West walk. And much good may it do you!"

*Don't believe my wife would appreciate it.*

"I HAVE a complaint against the female stars of the screen. Why don't they try to make us laugh? Is it only the men who can be funny?" asks Edith Sargent of West 103rd St., New York City. "Are they all dying for admiration? Why not forget themselves and their dignity, and dig up a sense of humor?"

*Did you ever see a dream laughing?*

# TEST the... PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE



...for 10 days  
at our expense!

"I have  
REDUCED MY  
HIPS NINE  
INCHES"  
...writes Miss Healy

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".	"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".	"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, I found my hips 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".	"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away".	"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

## REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS ... or it won't cost you one cent!

**WE WANT YOU** to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

### Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

### Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

■ And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to



the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

### Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

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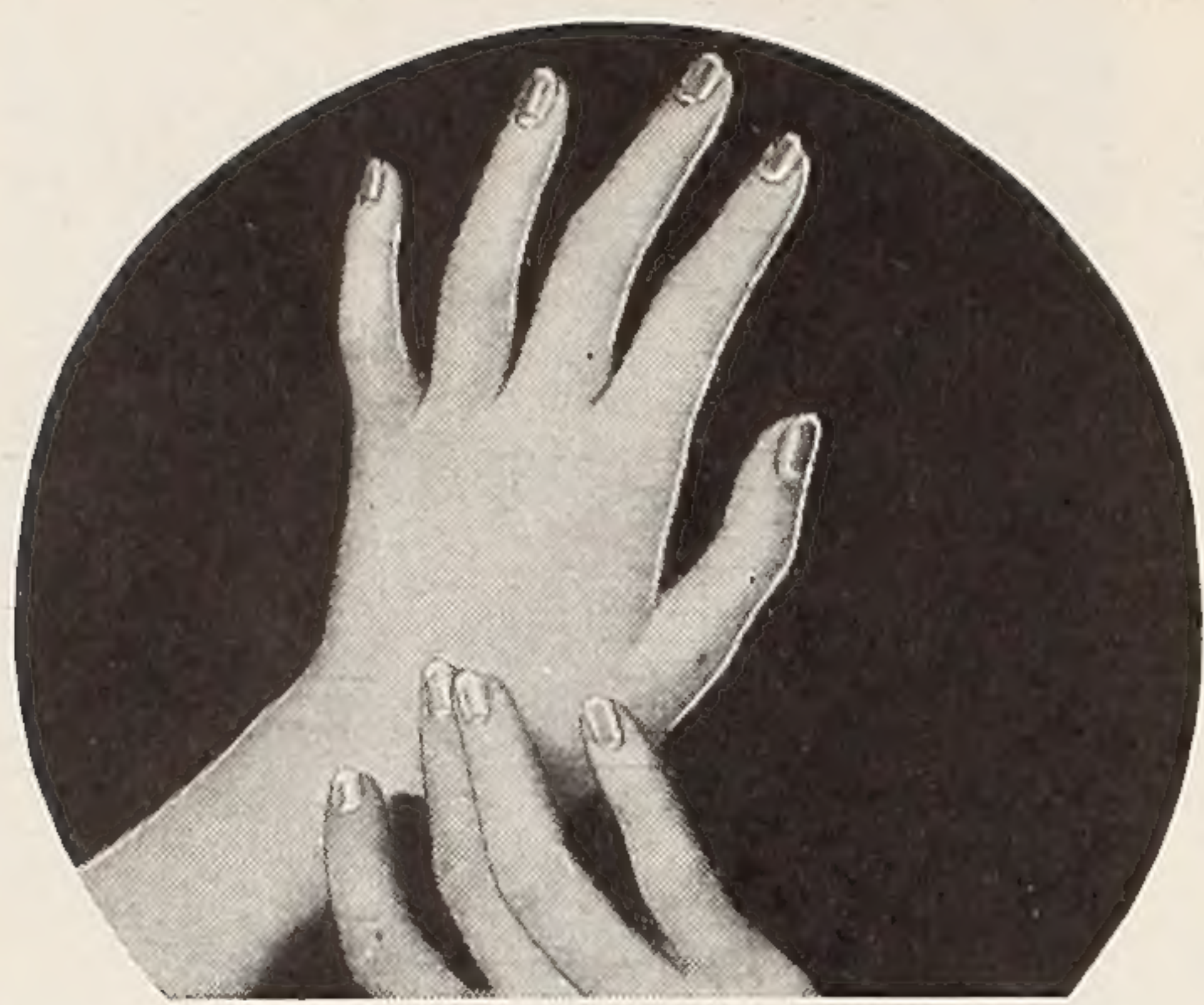
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## Itching Rash Quickly Relieved

"For more than a month", writes one woman, "I had a rash on my hand which was something like ringworm. I tried various treatments, but it resisted them all. At last I started to use Resinol Ointment, and was amazed when a small amount healed my trouble nicely."

Does *your* skin annoy or embarrass you? Does it itch so that at times you can't resist scratching, no matter where you are? Does it get chafed or rough, then burn and smart unbearably? Is it pimply?

Here is the way to get real relief. Bathe the affected parts with Resinol Soap and warm water. Pat dry, and freely apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots. See how quickly the discomfort is relieved. Remember, Resinol Ointment is safe for any part of the body. Physicians have recommended it for thirty-five years.

Resinol Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin without drying or injuring its delicate texture. Use it daily—it helps to prevent clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from your druggist today—use them at the first sign of skin irritation, and watch the improvement.

For a free sample of each with skin treatment instructions, write Resinol, Dept. 3-E, Baltimore, Md.

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### Are You Flat-Chested?

Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Try my easy, home treatment for adding firm, rounded tissue.

**FREE!**

Write today for my easy instructions and container of Creamo—free. Merely send name, address and 10c forwarding charges. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

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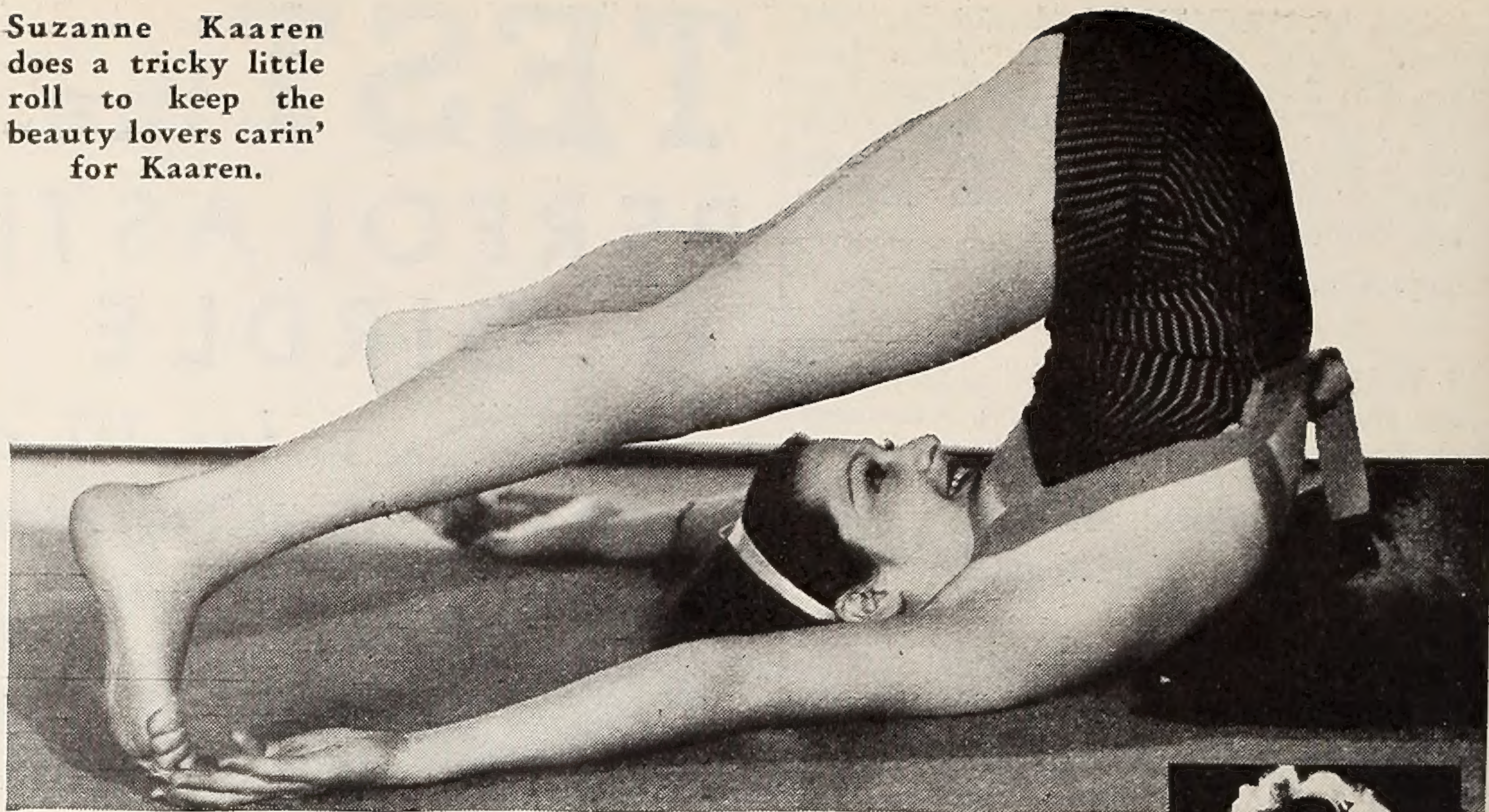


Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 426, 70 5th Ave., New York

Suzanne Kaaren does a tricky little roll to keep the beauty lovers carin' for Kaaren.



## OVERTURES TO BEAUTY "ALLURE"

By Mary Lee



Suzanne Kaaren

WHEN a bright young lady like Suzanne Kaaren, at the tender age of sixteen or seventeen, comes to Hollywood and shows the world that an ingenue can have *allure* . . . well, it's something to make all of us sit up and take notice. Hers is not the allure of the drooping eyes, the sweeping eyelashes, the languid gestures and the worldly boredom. Quite the contrary. Suzanne looks worldly enough, but it's a bright, gay world that she knows, and she's not bored with it. Her eyes are big enough, but they look at you boldly, full of challenge. Her lashes are long, but they curl upward, perkily. Her gestures are poised, but full of spirit. In brief, if you will look at the tiny picture of her on the right, you will see that Suzanne has one of the most coveted qualities in the world—and that is an *animated* charm and allure.

She is typical of the girls in Hollywood who are too young to practice the Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich kind of allure, but who are smart enough to know that people like vivacity and spontaneity. Yet they haven't a bit of the flapper or "kid" about them either. They're beyond that stage. The anxiety of waiting for their careers to open up is a serious matter. They waste no time just sitting idly by and hoping for things to happen. No siree, for there is nothing more deadening than that. Once they lose the sparkle in their eyes, the svelteness of their figures, or the smiles on their faces, they're licked—before they begin. So, if you're wondering how they keep their spirits up and their weight down—"Vell," like Baron Munchausen, "I'll tell you."

Remember that many of these newcomers haven't a lot of money to spend (even as you and I), so they create beauty for themselves. And the most important part of their daily beauty program is exercise. If you, too, want to look as alive and vibrant as Suzanne Kaaren does, then you've got to keep your body that way by doing Suzanne's stunts. Call these stunts dancing, gymnastics, or whatever sounds most pleasant to you—but don't forget that they're work, *hard* work.

The best time for these exercises is early morning. Throw a thin mattress on the floor, or a pair of double-thick blankets, and get to work. (The pad helps prevent bruises, if you're susceptible.) One of the easiest is the exercise illustrated above. Lie flat on the mat, with your arms over your head. Then sit up and touch your feet with your hands; then roll back again and lift both legs over your head, and pull them down till your toes touch the ground. Do this all in one even roll, and repeat eight or ten times. This gets at those fleshy mounds over your hips, and limbers the waistline.

Now—and this one is a little harder—turn over on your stomach, and, reaching backward, grasp both ankles with your hands. Lifting your head from the ground, pull your arms in, draw up your legs as far as you can, and rock back and forth on your stomach. Relax, and sink back to the original position. Then up and at 'em, and try it all over again. This develops a hard, firm stomach, strengthening the stomach muscles and literally rolling off the fat.

Now for those kicking exercises. Not only should you do that old one of lying on your back and kicking first one leg, then the other, into the air, or lifting them slowly, but lie on your left side, with your right hand on the floor in front of you, and then kick your right leg up near your shoulder. Turn over on your right side and repeat with your left leg. Also, try kicking backwards as you lie on your stomach, propped up on your elbows, always trying to touch your head.

After these lying-down exercises, see if you can take it standing up. The old leaning-over-and-touching-the-ground starts this series off. Here's a more complicated version, however. Lean first toward the left foot and grab your ankle firmly with both hands. Then, holding on to your ankle, try drawing your head down to your knee, keeping your leg stiff, of course, and *no fair* cheating! After a few days of practice, you should be able to make these ends meet. Do the same on the left side

[Continued on page 12]



# Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!..

"42nd Street"... "Gold Diggers"... "Footlight Parade"  
... and now the most spectacular attraction the  
show world has ever known — "Wonder Bar". Sensa-  
tion of two continents on the stage, it comes to the  
screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a  
gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!



## "WONDER BAR"

Starring

A L J O L S O N	K A Y F R A N C I S
D O L O R E S D E L R I O	D I C K P O W E L L
R I C A R D O C O R T E Z	H A L L E R O Y
F I F I D ' O R S A Y	G U Y K I B B E E
H U G H H E R B E R T	K A T H R Y N S E R G A V A
R U T H D O N N E L L Y	R O B E R T B A R R A T
M E R N A K E N N E D Y	H E N R Y K O L K E R

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and  
directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture





# Don't let PAIN rob you of your charm!

*New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve*

● Don't let pain take the sparkle out of your eyes or the brilliance from your conversation!

It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

Science has made amazing strides in the relief of pain, and now headaches, backaches, earaches, and toothaches are commonly relieved in record time.

People who use HEXIN nearly always find that pains yield to 2 of these tablets with a glass of water in less than 10 minutes.

## Double Action Relieves Pain Faster

The HEXIN formula (printed on the box) is well known to modern doctors and druggists. Part of this new 5-grain tablet dissolves at once in the stomach, giving instant relief. The remainder dissolves in the digestive tract and prolongs relief amazingly. Many users claim relief to be 3 times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

Originally developed for children, HEXIN had to be safe and, in actual clinical tests, it proved much less disturbing to the digestion than old-fashioned, slow-acting tablets. It can be taken

just before meals without upsetting the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

## Quick Relief for Colds

While no certain cure has been developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

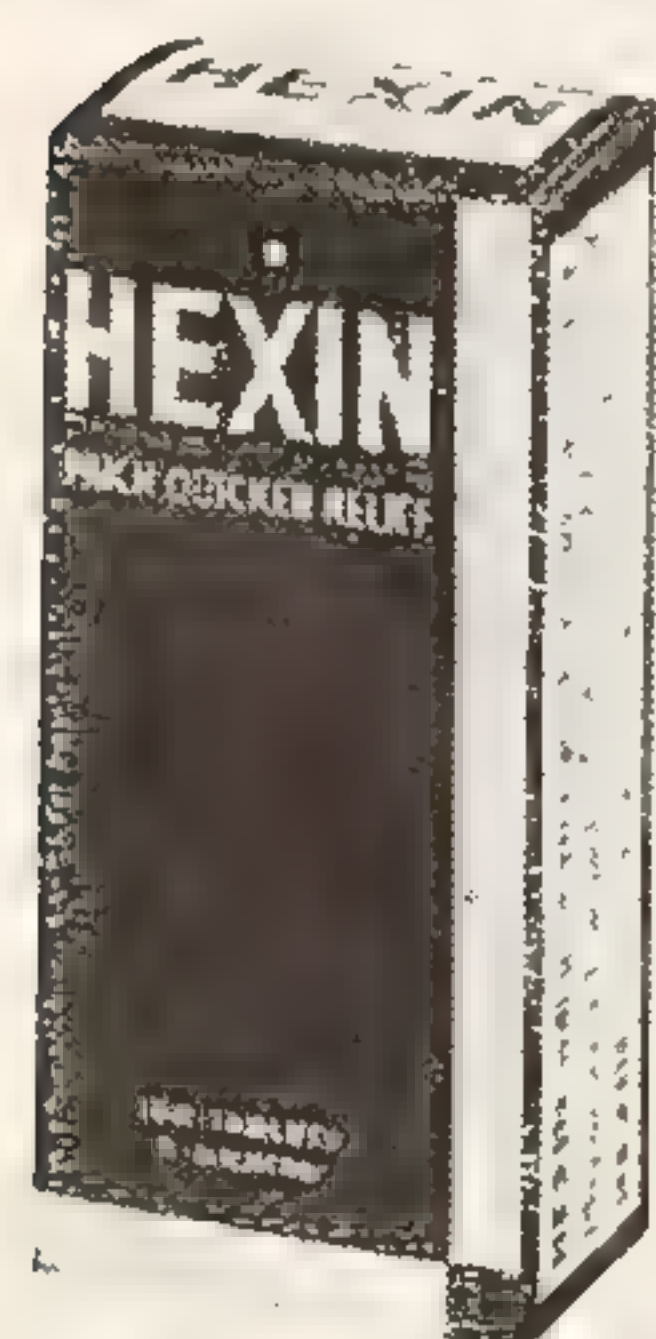
The fever-reducing action of HEXIN is well known to the medical profession. Pains due to rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis usually yield quickly to HEXIN.

## Make the Only Test that Counts

Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

All modern doctors and druggists know the HEXIN formula and endorse it. Buy a box today. Insist on HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

The only test of any pain-reliever which means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test free by mailing the coupon now.



Packed in bottles of 50 or 100 tablets for home use

Buy HEXIN in these economical sizes



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SSB-2334

## Overtures to Beauty

[Continued from page 10]

of course. Then, after you get really expert, try walking while you hang on to both ankles. This straightens out those crooked muscles that stretch all the way up and down the backs of your legs, and, at the same time, it squeezes off the fat in front.

For the waistline, there's nothing better than to stand with your legs and the lower part of your torso absolutely still, fold your arms and swing the upper part of your body from right to left, as far as it will go.

Incidentally, since a lot of you have been writing me about bust development, here's one that will give you a nice high chest, and the appearance of a larger bust, if you keep at it regularly. However, someone must help you do it. Stretch your arms up above your head. Have someone grab each of your hands and then slowly draw your arms to the side and back, and, very gently, pull them together so they meet at a point about even with your waistline. I'll guarantee they won't meet at first . . . if they do, you're not doing it right. What does this have to do with your bust line? Why, the further you stretch your arms like that, the more you increase your chest expansion.

These exercises, tiring as they may be at first, really stir up new life in your veins. The exertion gives you better circulation, which helps reduce waste tissue to just nothing at all. But don't be too anxious about this reducing business in the beginning. You won't lose half as much as you expect to—or would like to. It takes a week or two for the pounds to start rolling. But once they start—my! how they fly!

The improved circulation will have good effects on your skin, as well as your figure. You'll probably find yourself even picking up a bit of country-air color. But most important of all, this activity will give you that glorious glow which is the very essence of the new Suzanne Kaaren allure.

WHEN Ricardo Cortez met Dolores Del Rio on the "Wonder Bar" set the day they were to rehearse for their spectacular dance, he said, "Look at me. I started out to be a great dramatic actor and what do I turn out to be? An adagio dancer."

## LISTEN IN! SILVER SCREEN

Is On The Air

The representatives of SILVER SCREEN, in Hollywood, prepare for you each Friday the interesting news of the motion picture players. They visit the sets and talk with the stars. They listen to the "play-back" and see the previews. They watch events transpire, and then wire their reports for this broadcast. All with the accuracy and good humor that you will find in SILVER SCREEN.

Every Friday, 2 P. M.

STATION

**W M C A**  
New York



# SILVER SCREEN

## TOPICS for GOSSIPS

FIRST  
SIGNS OF  
SPRING



June Vasek tries out her 1934 vivid green and white bathing suit, consisting of a tie-on brassiere and tie-on trunks. Specially designed for the tide on beaches.

**H**AVE Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson decided to call off this marriage business? Or is it a temporary tiff? Or is it just a lot of nonsense from a lot of gabby gossipers? Anyway over the chicken a la king in the Brown Derby they are saying that Jean has moved back to her home in Bel Air with her mother and step-father, while Hal lives on alone in the honeymoon love nest at the Marmont. Well, some people like it that way.

**G**ARY COOPER had the most chap-eroned honeymoon in history. Not only did Sandra's mother and father accompany the young couple to Arizona, but Judge and Mrs. Cooper also joined them there.

**T**HE biggest surprise Hollywood has had in years was when Kay Francis announced—after arriving in New York—that she was divorcing Kenneth McKenna. Even the most suspicious of the gossip writers didn't suspect it. Kay told Warner Brothers that she was going to spend Christmas in New York with her husband or else— And she told all her intimate friends here that she and Ken were planning the merriest of holidays. And then came the divorce news! You can't even believe your own eyes these days.

**A**LL the boys on the Paramount lot, including Freddie March, W. C. Fields and Charlie Ruggles, tried to crash the set of "Bolero" the day that Sally Rand was scheduled to do her famous fan dance. But there were bars that thick across the door—not even Georgie Raft could get in and he's in the picture. So the boys just up and sneaked in on the "Good Dame" set where Dorothy Dell, the "Miss Universe of 1930," was making her film debut with a hoochy-kootchy number.

**C**LARK GABLE has gone in for race horses in a big way. And Mrs. Gable is just as excited over them as Clark is.

**"LITTLE WOMEN"** was such a grand success that now Radio aims to do "Pride and Prejudice," written some many years ago by Jane Austin. As many of the "Little Women" cast as possible will be used again—but especially Katharine Hepburn and Joan Bennett.

**A**T COLLEEN MOORE'S cocktail party recently there could have been a lot of chilled glances and awkward pauses when Gloria Swanson ran into her former Marquis—now Connie's. And Marion Nixon with a new boy friend ran into Eddie Hillman, her recent "ex," who now escorts Mary Carlisle places. But everybody talked and had a grand time.

**I**RVING THALBERG, JR., brought his Momma flowers the first day of her new picture, and Norma was that pleased that she blushed pink. But young Irving still says that the three little pigs are his screen favorites.

**A**ND Baby LeRoy has "gone Hollywood." Every time he comes into the Paramount publicity office now he tottles up to where his picture is hanging on the wall, points to it, and gurgles, "Baby." It doesn't take them long in Hollywood.

**W**HATEVER you say about them you can't say that the Hollywood boys aren't good to their mothers. Jack Oakie took his "Maw" with him on his vacation to Honolulu and wrote back, "When I'm not ducking her at Waikiki, she's got me chasing around to women's clubs where I sit beaming and trying to balance teacups. She's wearing me out." And now Gene Raymond, the local Beau Brummel, has chased off to Europe for a six weeks' vacation, and has taken his mother with him.

**W**HEN the Barrymores feel prankish there's nothing to do about it. John and the beautiful Dolores rarely go in for Hollywood parties, but this year, for some unknown reason, they decided to attend the swanky opening of the Mayfair. Dolores looked like "a Dream Walking" but the master appeared in old bedroom slippers and dark-colored glasses and spent most of the evening glaring at the profile of Mr. Warren William.

**W**ELL, it's the old story of your family never appreciating you. Alison Skipworth got a letter from her brother in the East, which said in part, "I saw you in Tillie and Gus. Why do you insist on staying in Hollywood? Please come home."

**N**O MORE "eight handsome escorts" for Bette Davis for a long time now. Her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, is visiting her in Hollywood, and doesn't seem to care for "eight handsome escorts." Maybe we

could interest him in "Eight Girls in a Boat"?

**T**O WELCOME her home after a fierce struggle with old demon appendix in a local hospital, Joan Blondell's husband, George Barnes, presented her with a baby miniature Peke, which is just about as big as your hand and the cutest thing you ever saw. Joan promptly christened him "Cupcake."

**D**ESPITE all the rumors that Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewel eloped or something the week before Christmas—and there were millions of them—both Lee and Isabel say that they did no such thing, that they are not married, but that they expect to marry in about a year. But after the Lupe Velez episode and the Kay Francis divorce nobody believes anybody any more. However, dope that I am, I am inclined to believe Isabel and Lee. Isabel says she wants to be a real picture star before she marries Lee. But maybe she is just testing Lee before taking the final steps—just seeing if he can walk the straight and narrow for a year. Well, anyway, it's love all right. You just ought to see those two together at a night club or a party.

[Continued on page 51]



# A VISIT TO NORMA SHEARER

## ON THE SET OF "RIP TIDE"

By

Elizabeth  
Wilson

OVER on stage 22 on the Metro lot (pronounced Meat-ro by the Governor of California at Marie Dressler's birthday dinner party, and you can be quite sure Louis B. Mayer won't invite him any more after that) there was much ado about getting on a boat. Of course it was only a piece of a boat and it wasn't going anywhere except back to the prop department, but everybody was awfully fussed up over getting on it. Dozens of extras in new tweed coats and snappy scarfs (Christmas presents, no doubt) were rushing madly for the gangplank while western union boys and stewards carrying luggage made it as difficult as possible for them.

And, in the midst of all the excitement there stood Norma Shearer ecstatically lost in the big bold arms of Herbert Marshall. Lucky girl. She was telling him above the uproar that she didn't want the pearl necklace—that just knowing him was enough. So I gathered that "Rip Tide," the first Shearer picture in a long time, too long a time, was well underway with Sex and Glamour straining at the leash. Strangers May Kiss A Free Soul—and *voilà*—Rip Tide.

Thank heavens, Norma didn't go queenly on us, and instead of doing "Marie Antoinette," as was first announced, she's playing once more a smart young modern with sophisticated ideas about life and love and Bob Montgomery and swimming in the moonlight. Indeed, they tell me that there is a little swimming-in-their-best-clothes scene, which is faintly reminiscent of one of Tallulah Bankhead's Hollywood parties, where, at five in the morning, she and her guests jumped into the swimming pool in Hattie Carnegie models, diamond bracelets, top hats, white ties and tails. After that it became the smart thing to do, and you couldn't think of leaving a party until you had practically drowned in the swimming pool trying to manage your train. Charlie MacArthur, who dashed off the script of "Rip Tide," while he and Irving Thalberg and Norma and Helen Hayes were having a nasty time of it in their mud baths over in Germany, very likely heard about the new fad among the smart young people, in fact, very likely he did it himself, so he wrote in an extra sequence in his story. Well, if it becomes a fad out your way you might just as well know now that wrist watches take to water like cats, not ducks.

Anyway, they finally got Herbert Marshall

(Bart to his friends), off on the boat—though, confidentially, I might just as well tell you that he really didn't sail after all that fuss they made about it, but got off the boat and married Norma and made her Lady Rexford and an honest woman, until Bob Montgomery came along one sunny afternoon on the Riviera. Hi ho—now you know.

Norma, released from the Marshall arms, came rushing over to speak to me just as if I were the Queen of England. When it comes to downright sheer cordiality and a hearty handshake you can't beat Norma. She has a way of making you feel that now that you have come life is at last utterly complete. You are so swept in by this cordiality (especially after the chilled looks and clammy mitts you get from some of the Glamorous Ones) that you don't mind in the least when she calls you Miss So-and-So when you are definitely Miss Whatsit. But you really can't hold that against Norma, for forgetting names and faces and numbers and appointments and—ah well, just forgetting—is one of her idiosyncrasies. Only that very morning she had gone up to Director Eddie Goulding (he made the old English curtsy famous in Hollywood), and said, "Eddie, What's my name?" Well, Eddie dropped her a curtsy and said he was under the impression that she was Norma Shearer, but he'd check on it with Irving Thalberg. "No, no," exclaimed Norma, "I remember my own name but I can't remember what name I have in the picture." Her name's Mary, a very difficult name to remember, to be sure.

We talked for fifteen minutes about Katharine Hepburn who, Norma thinks, is about the best actress on the screen. She has never met her personally, but so entranced is she with the Hepburn personality and ability that she runs her pictures over and over again on her own projection machine at her Santa Monica beach house. And then we talked about Helen Hayes, who is one of Norma's best friends, and of her sensational success in "Mary of Scotland" on Broadway this season. And then

Herbert Marshall joined us and he and Norma had to retire to her dressing room to study their lines for the next scene.

"You once told me," I said in parting, "that your life's ambition was to be known as the Mad Shearer. How are you progressing? Do they refer to you as the Mad Monckess of Santa Monica yet?"

"Oh, I've tried so hard to be *Mad*," she said regretfully, "but it just seems to be against my nature. I can be vague, forgetful, and slightly crazy at times, but I just can't do those delicious little insane things that delightfully mad people do. I can't stay on boats after that all-visitors-ashore gong rings, and I'm always too dead asleep at three in the morning to call up London, and I've never had the nerve to go to a party in a night gown when the hostess says, 'Don't dress.' I suppose I am frightfully *bourgeois*."

Norma is too intelligent to be insane—that's her trouble. Watching her on the set, talking to her, you get the very definite idea that here at last are brains all bundled up with charm and beauty. However, I may say that when I



Charles MacArthur, author of "Rip Tide," took this snapshot of Norma and Baby Irving when they were all abroad.





*Norma Shearer Comes  
Back to Pictures in the  
Same Gay Spirit That  
Made "Private Lives"  
so delightful.*

last saw Norma she was doing right well towards accomplishing her life's ambition. I was sitting in the drawing room of her most attractive beach house waiting for her to remember that she had a date with me when suddenly the door burst open and there was a wild-bare-footed creature in a mink coat! (And Ophelia only sang songs and threw flowers!) But it seems that every time there is a thick fog Mrs. Thalberg just can't resist taking off her shoes and going for a turn up and down the deserted beach. She likes to feel the sand wriggle between her toes. Which is all right—but ah—that mink coat! Can't you just hear the gentle fisher folk and the sea gulls whisper to one another, "There goes Mad Shearer again."

On Norma's sets there is always an orchestra—just as Joan Crawford must have her victrola and her favorite records, so must Norma have her three musicians who play appropriate ditties. Norma has had these same three musicians for six years or more, ever since silent pictures, when a little Hearts and Flowers was better for tears than glycerin. Of course, with talkies, the musicians can only play between takes. The morning I was on the set they were playing the Song of the Islands. Herbert Marshall said it made him think he was back in Hawaii again with Four Frightened People and DeMille—but he was just as glad he wasn't.

There was quite a stir on the set when Mrs. Pat Campbell and little Moonbeam entered. Mrs. Pat is what Hollywood calls a "character" because she is very English and calls a spade a spade—and a kept woman a—er—kept woman. Which practically ruined her socially when she was here before. She plays Herbert Marshall's plain spoken, brittle, old aunt in the picture. When Director Eddie Goulding was discussing the part with her he told her, "You see, you play a very grand middle-aged English lady, something like yourself. . . ."

"Middle-aged, bosh," commented Mrs. Pat, "I'll be seventy years old, to a day, on February 9, and [Continued on page 52]"

She calls you Miss So-and-So when you're really Miss What-Is-It, but you can't hold that against Norma, for forgetting is one of the things she does so charmingly.



# "I'M IN LOVE"

Myrna Loy Is Radiant  
With Happiness.

By Patricia Keats

MYRNA of the Hollywood Loys gazed intently at her latest fashion portrait—a little 11x14 something that Clarence Bull had snapped of her two nights before at the studio—and Myrna sighed. Then she held it up to catch the fading rays of that muchly tooted California sun, which was just about to do dip-downs into the ocean in Norma Shearer's front yard. Then she put the picture on the floor in front of her, crossed her pajama-clad legs, and made faces at it.

"That," she said at last, "is terrible. I don't really look like that, do I? No, I'm sure I don't. It's the dress. It was two sizes too large for me. There now, my little buttercup, you'll never see a roto page," and viciously she drew a big black circle around *le derriere*—or is it *la derriere*? I must ask Claudette—and carefully nipping off the right hand corner she consigned fashion number ten to a pile of rejections on her left. Then she morosely regarded fashion number eleven, which was a little *chichi* something whipped together *pour le sport*.

(For the benefit of the uninitiated, I might mention that this little ceremony of nipping off corners and defiling pictures with pencil scratchings is thoroughly enjoyed by every Hollywood star. It's an occasion. After every portrait "sitting" in the studio gallery the star is allowed to look over the proofs and decide which ones she wants developed for publicity purposes, and which ones she hopes to high heavens she never sees again. It's probably the one time in the whole motion picture business where the star is allowed to scratch and chew and tear as much as she wants to. The "front office" never consults a star about a part, and the director never consults her about the way she wants to play it, but the photographer, the dope, always consults her about her pictures. *Entre nous*, it doesn't mean very much. For, time and again, stars have met themselves in Vanity Fair, and the fan magazines, and the Atlanta Constitution, in the same old sequins with gadgets on the shoulders that they definitely remember penciling and nipping. So what? So they do nip-ups. But where are they? Well, anyway, it's a pretty custom—like opening Parliament in London.)

While Myrna was growling and admiring (Oh she's quite a human person—that Loy girl—you'd like her), I took advantage of the occasion to look her over.

Without any aids of Lure—and, with the exception of lip rouge, there wasn't an aid in sight—I must say Myrna doesn't look like an Exotic One who would cause men to leave home and launch ships, nor on the other hand does she even slightly resemble Mona, the Hag. Although she has been a half caste, a heathen Chinese, a me-like-white-man, and a goddess of something impure on every screen in the country, Myrna, in real life, looks distinctly wholesome. She has reddish hair and freckles—quantities of them. Full lips, even teeth, and a giggle. She seems quite simple and unassuming—no swank or elegance or place-cards. But ah—



REPORT

Yowsuh! If you p  
we say that L  
jewell did the tr.  
Springs last Friday.  
and Vic Orsatti have be  
sizzling telegrams.  
and Phil Berg have called  
Herbert Marshall and F  
wi'll spend Xmas toget  
their beloved spouses across  
Tom Brown is walking  
with his a sling—but no  
reaching. . . . Myrna Loy has taken  
to making special trips to visit Ramon  
Novarro on his set again.

She won't tell me the name of her true love but the "Hollywood Reporter" notices something.

she has the most devastating blue eyes with long curly lashes that come swooping down over them—and when those lashes swoop, then you know that despite all appearances all is not wholesome in Loy—thank goodness. Don't let the freckles and the red hair fool you. Cleopatra had freckles and red hair. Yes, indeed, when those lashes swoop you have a pretty good idea that Myrna knows where several bodies are buried. Frank-looking Myrna has her not so frank mysteries—and therein lies her charm. But I can't go into charm today—but anyway I'd just like to bundle up those swooping eyelashes and take them home with me.

Myrna lives in Hollywood's most up to date apartment house, guaranteed not to bend more than double during earthquakes. Of course Wynne Gibson insists that she bruised her head on the curbstone in front of the Clover Club during the little upheaval last March, but the management insists that it was Lee Tracy's balcony that bumped her. Besides Wynne and Lee, Ricardo Cortez and Isabel Jewel and Tom Gallery and Carlyle Blackwell also live there. The day I saw Myrna, she had taken temporary refuge in a very undesirable apartment on the second floor, until somebody had the decency to move out and let her get on the tenth floor, where she could get more swing for her money during the quakes. The apartment was in great disorder. Elinor Glyn would have had a fit—not a drape, or a soft light, or a tuberoses, or a falling rose petal in the place. What—no Glamour? No, no Glamour.

[Continued on page 54]



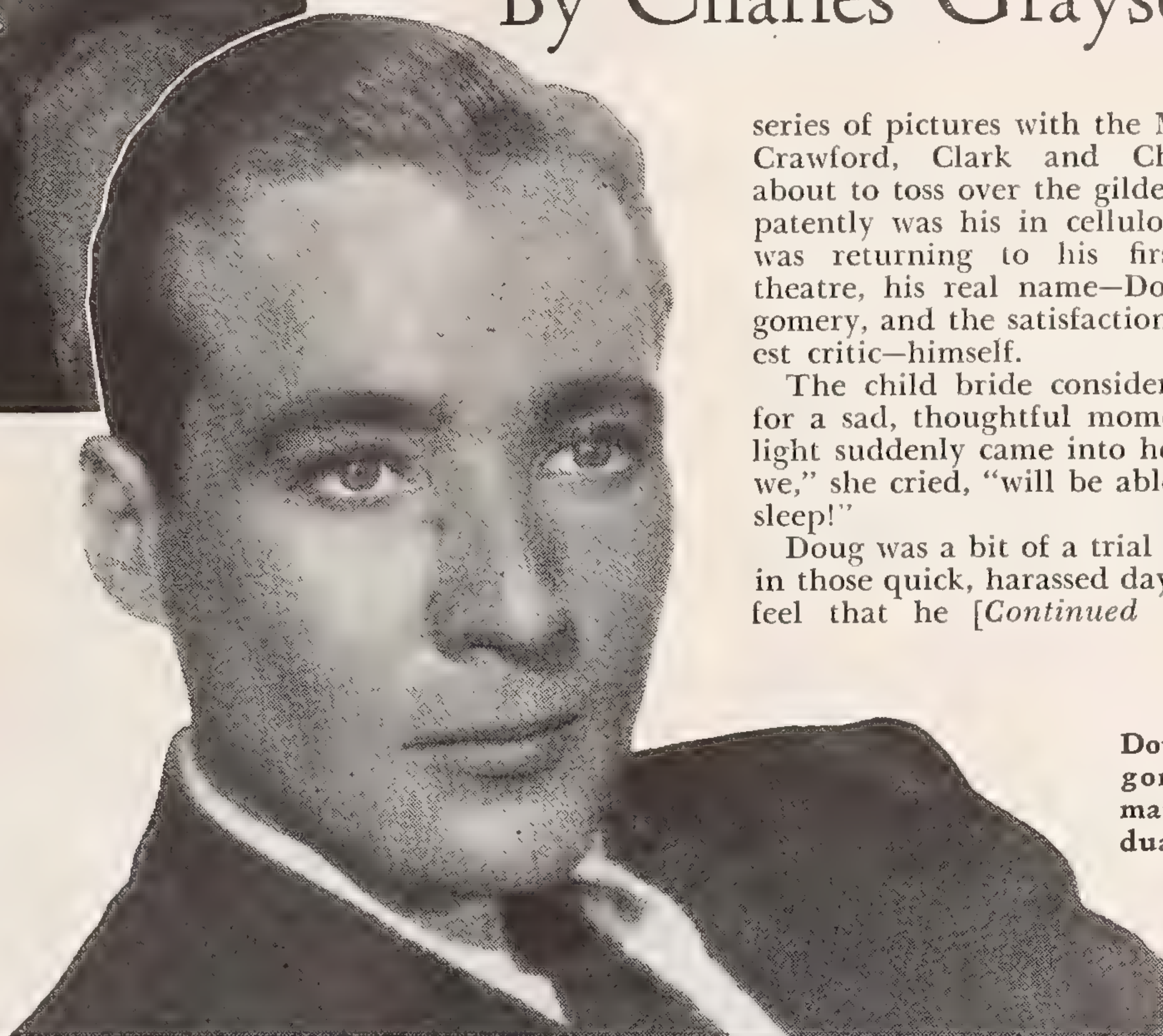


With Sylvia Sidney leaning on the necktie, Douglass appeared on Broadway in "Crime."

# CLICKED TWICE

Douglass Montgomery Made the Grade as Kent Douglass and, in "Little Women," Does It All Over Again.

By Charles Grayson



series of pictures with the Misses Davies, Crawford, Clark and Chandler — was about to toss over the gilded future that patently was his in celluloid. That he was returning to his first love—the theatre, his real name—Douglass Montgomery, and the satisfaction of his severest critic—himself.

The child bride considered the news for a sad, thoughtful moment. Then a light suddenly came into her face. "And we," she cried, "will be able to get some sleep!"

Doug was a bit of a trial to his friends in those quick, harassed days. He didn't feel that he [Continued on page 52]

Douglass Montgomery — the man with the dual monickers.

**H**E ALWAYS was a noisy kid. Lynne Fontanne once said that he even made a racket buttoning up an overcoat. But this morning he was even worse than usual. It was five o'clock, and cold. But he kept standing down there in the street and yelling until at last I went to the window, wondering how he had managed to live so long.

"Go away," I demanded inhospitably. "Far away."

"Let me in," he insisted. He was wearing a sweater and a pair of duck pants. He shivered. He held up three eggs. "Look, I've brought my breakfast."

I went down and let him in. It was the least I could do for the neighbors. For if he quit making noise himself, then he would start that monstrous old Pierce Arrow which crouched at the curb—the famous Leaping Death which for so many years has broken Southern California eardrums.

He came in and put the eggs on the mantepiece. He was trying to grin and be light, but it wasn't any good. He was about as gay as a guillotine. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Now?"

"Well, I did it," he said. "They boosted the offer up to twelve fifty a week, but I couldn't go it. I've been up all night, thinking. And I've decided to get out—back to New York."

My wife came in and I told her that we were about to lose our playmate. That our dramatic friend—whom the movies had grabbed from the stage, labeled "Kent Douglass," bleached the hair of, and marched through a



"Little Women" was well received because of the delicacy of the treatment. Douglass deserves a large share of the credit.



# SOME GROW— SOME SWELL

*Famous Writer Points Out the Faults of a Few Stars—Just to Make Them Better Boys and Girls.*

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

"SOME grow, some swell."

Woodrow Wilson, ex-president of the United States, once made that remark about the men he appointed to important posts in his government.

It applies likewise to Hollywood, where, as the years pass, certain human beings are appointed by the public to the glittering pinnacles of motion picture stardom.

Some grow. Some remain static. Some swell. And some swell up and bust.

No other class of people are as famous as motion picture stars. Their names are known to every man and woman, boy and girl—in every great city, village and hamlet throughout the world. They are better known than statesmen, than champions, than great authors, than any musicians or painters or stage stars. The name of Garbo is known to more people than the name of Frances Perkins, our Secretary of Labor. Mickey Mouse is familiar to as many people as Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Movie stars earn more money and receive more adulation, more direct worship, than any other class of people who have ever lived.

They come, these fortunate and gilded few, from here, there and everywhere—and nowhere. Sometimes they work hard and long and achieve by genius or great ability. Sometimes they shoot into the glory zone almost overnight, by some trick of personality or appearance or some quality of entertainment that is impossible to name.

And then what?

Some grow. Some swell.

It is amusing, sometimes it is tragic to watch the effect of this heady and dizzy height upon human beings. Sometimes they become laughable in their sheer, unadulterated ego—sometimes they are encouraged by appreciation and applause to new and better things and become our greatest stars.

Women like Marie Dressler, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton—they grow in work and personality daily.

Dick Barthelmess, who has been a big and outstanding star longer than any other man before the camera today, is one who remained sort of static. Dick grew some and swelled some—and then decided to call it a day. He grew enough to hold his posi-

tion—but he swelled enough to keep him from progressing as he should have progressed, from being the really great actor he should have been.

For example, there is no actor on the screen today who is so generous and fearless with his casts as Barthelmess. People, if you will notice, are always "stealing" Dick's pictures. Connie Bennett, young Doug Fairbanks, Bette Davis—somebody is always getting a lot of glory and a big start out of some part played with this everlasting star. Dick doesn't care. He is big enough to let them have their chance, big enough to believe that he owes it to the public to give them good pictures, if he can. Over and over, I have heard writers and directors warn Dick that some other part would overshadow or at least equal his own, and always Dick would say, "Okay. If it's a good picture, that's what I want." That's why he still gets \$8,000 a week.

On the other hand, Dick hasn't broadened his mind as he should have done—because he has a good mind. He gets a little "grand" sometimes, assumes the rôle of a young man about town and a bit of an English accent. That smothers him in self-satisfaction—and it robs him of the divine discontent which alone leads to great work.

Yeah—some grow, some swell.

Take, for instance, Clark Gable.

Some years back, Mr. Gable tried awfully hard to crash the movies. Finally, he gave it up as a bad job. Journeying to New York, he became a stage leading man, just medium successful. He returned to Hollywood in a stage play—and, within a few months, Clark Gable was the greatest sensation pictures had known in years. Girls stormed the studio gates and—more important—the box office. His salary leaped from three minor figures to four very major ones. Famous stars clamored for him as a leading man, *even the great Garbo*. The story department was busy day and night searching for Gable stories, and producers bowed low when he passed.

Watching from the sidelines, the Gable inflation came so fast it looked like a trick by Houdini.

Would Clark Gable, I remember saying to myself, the boy from an Ohio farm who



Gary Cooper  
wobbled in his  
cowboy saddle.

Franchot Tone  
—promising.

Clark Gable—  
bigger and  
better.

had never known success nor fame nor wealth, swell up like one of those fishes in an aquarium under this public idolatry? The betting around was ten to one that Mr. Gable would so swell and that he would become pretty obnoxious.

But Mr. Gable didn't swell then and he





No one in pictures has grown so much as Jean Harlow.

playwright—and now is a good director. Some discussion about the theater came up and somebody asked Clark Gable a question, in a very flattering manner. Clark grinned boyishly and turned the question over to Edgar Selwyn. From that time on, he kept Mr. Selwyn talking of plays and actors and playwriting all the evening—and Clark listened, really listened. He'd been given a chance to shine and show off his somewhat limited knowledge of the stage—and he didn't do it.

In spite of bad handling and bad stories, Mr. Gable continues to grow both on and off the screen. He's very, very grateful for his success, and I think he'll be one of our big stars.

On the other hand, there are those who swell.

Poor Douglas Fairbanks Jr., has swelled—and how little he has grown. It's too bad. Perhaps it's partly because Doug's success was always a little synthetic—handed down partially because of his name and his father's fame. The boy, who had certain natural talent and grace of personality, has become a very bad imitation of Mr. Noel Coward. Somebody or other, or maybe

many somebodies or others, flattered his slight and surface knowledge of things intellectual, and young Doug believed 'em—and his press agent. He began to parrot a lot of smug, pseudo-intelligentsia phrases, he wrote very bad poetry and worse prose, and he began to paint, which is a shame. He saw a lot of the spotlight floating around in his general direction, and with true Fairbanks' love of the spotlight grabbed it as often as he could—by almost any means. He was a pretty fresh, spoiled kid when they made him a star in his 'teens because his name was Douglas Fairbanks Jr.—and he hasn't grown in the brittle glare of fame, he's just swelled. Too bad.

On the other hand, all Hollywood, from the prop boys and cameramen to the most hard-boiled old timers, tell me that one Mr. Bing Crosby is growing rapidly under the warm sunshine of public approval.

In the beginning, no one in Hollywood was particularly glad to see Bing Crosby. A radio crooner. A cafe entertainer. Somebody famous for gargling songs through his nose. Bing! Not an actor, certainly. Mr. Crosby had quite a reputation, earned or unearned, for being very pleased with himself, inclined to go around a bit, and not above accepting the open adoration of ladies, who liked to hear him moan, as his natural due.

On the screen he was an instant and unexpected success. Audiences just naturally went for him—his acting, his personality, as well as his songs. One picture, and Bing was "in."

Everybody got ready for the balloon ascension. But it never went up.

In a very quiet, slightly puzzled manner (he suggests the absent-minded professor looking for the lost umbrella that is hung over his arm) Bing went about his own business, which, it seemed, was to learn as much as he could about this new business of making motion pictures. He was more often silent than not. He foregathered with the sound men and the cameramen and asked questions. He was very dubious about himself as an actor and very willing to take direction. And was so frankly pleased when he did something well that everyone else was pleased, likewise.

There wasn't any swelling around or showing off, or any other women. Bing openly adores his pretty wife, is nuts about his baby, thinks his home is better than Buckingham Palace—it's a very nice home, but most unpretentious—and altogether has done much growing and very little swelling.

Of course, as for that Gary Cooper! Of course it's very difficult to know about Mr. Cooper. He practically never does or says anything anyway. But when I think back to the Gary I first knew, and see the man of today—a period of about ten years—it delights me no end. In his silent way, Gary absorbs sponge-like, but he will be just Gary Cooper to the day he dies. I knew him well when he first came to Hollywood—a big, awkward, bashful cowboy, with all the poise and social grace of a Great Dane. He has become rich and famous since then and many women have loved him. Too many, I imagine Gary thinks. But one night we were at a dinner party at Pickfair. It was a very stately dinner, with gold plate and engraved menus and orchids and footmen and most distinguished guests. Gary, in formal evening attire, very dignified, sat right opposite me, and suddenly I looked up and he winked at me. It was a very funny, grave wink—but it took me back ten years, and I knew he was saying it was grand fun but, after all, he was still Gary Cooper, the cowboy.

Mr. George Bancroft, however, was one of those who sort of swelled up and busted,

[Continued on page 56]

hasn't swelled yet. For a time, he remained in a state of suspended animation, reduced to a state of coma by these incredible happenings. Then, like a sturdy oak tree, he began to grow.

A certain dignity came to support his shyness and modesty. He gained poise and added certain graces of manner and speech—he learned how to dress and which fork to use. But he didn't change. He remained quite definitely Clark Gable—only nicer. He did the things he had always liked to do, his talk didn't center around the pronoun "I."

I remember, a year or so after Gable's first sensational success, I dined with him and his charming wife at the home of the Edgar Selwyns. Edgar Selwyn, of course, is a great figure in the American theater. He was himself a famous stage star and matinee idol, a producer of many successes, a fine



# ALL the WORLD FOLLOWS

Hollywood Creates the Fads and Fashions.

Here Are the Newest Ideas.

**T**HE whole world follows the movie stars. People go to films and look to Hollywood for inspiration in *what to wear, how to wear it and what to do.*

Mae West and her hour-glass figure and clothes comprise the current rage.

And, incongruous as it may seem—the other is the song from “Three Little Pigs,”

which was played everywhere! In fact any day now I expect to see milady of fashion parading in a “Big Bad Wolf” skin coat.

What’s coming next? It is difficult to predict accurately, but my hunch is to look carefully at the new Garbo picture, “Queen Christina.” In the past Garbo has been responsible for more style innovations than any other movie star.

The tall, lanky Swedish girl, who cares not a pouf for clothes personally, has been virtually a style dictator of the country. It was on Garbo you first saw the wide shoulders and the high-necked evening gown. She wore them in “Inspiration,” at least two years before they were taken up in

earnest. It was Garbo, in “Romance,” who wore a funny little hat on the Eugenie order. Garbo’s “Mata Hari” coat, with its peaked labels and broad shoulders, was copied by every coat manufacturer in the country. And Garbo’s long bob has been inspiration for thousands like it.

Adrian, the young man who designs the clothes that Garbo wears, showed me pictures of some of his “Christina” models. Notice, when you see the film, that “plate collar” which she wears in certain scenes. A round, stiff collar, which practically cuts the head right off, it is very startling and quite interesting. Adrian merely smiles when you ask him if it will start a new style, and remarks: “not practical for necking!” You ask me, though, and I predict that you will see collars much like it, and

Little Maria Dietrich, Marlene’s daughter, with her hair in the Alice in Wonderland style.



Shorts, as Lupe Velez in Hollywood wears them, are now seen everywhere.

In “Queen Christina,” Garbo introduced a collar that immediately became the acme of smartness.



# The STARS

By Muriel  
Babcock



A leis of real gardenias make a stunning effect for evening, and Joan Crawford is sponsoring the innovation.



"Ribbons on everything," says Gwen Wakeling, designer. And Ann Harding starts the idea off, for the rest of the feminine world to follow.

ladies of today, notice the broadly drawn mouths, the deeply outlined eyes. Who is to blame? Joan Crawford! And quite unconsciously so.

The story behind those deep red lips lies, strangely enough, in Joan's terrific ambition to succeed as an emotional actress. When she was cast for "Rain" and given her first important tragic, dramatic role, she bent every atom of strength and energy to think up a makeup entirely different from those worn in her "hey-hey" roles. Experimenting with lipstick, she attained that expressive, sensual mouth of Sadie Thompson. She found that lipstick was effective in attaining character as well as attractiveness.

Women the world over copied that makeup and, today, when someone uses an extra dash of lipstick, the remark is passed: "Ha, like Joan Crawford!"

Jean Harlow, whether you realize it or not, cost dress manufacturers and garment designers thousands of dollars because, after "Hell's Angels," they had to do a complete right-about face in their modeling of the figure.

The frank figure of today, in which the bust is accentuated, came into being after "Hell's Angels," in which Miss Harlow revealed her beauty more intimately and daringly than ever before. She created a sensation which was copied the world over.

It was Jean, too, who was responsible for the one-time vogue of platinum hair. This lasted only a short time and reached nowhere near the proportions of the frank figure trend.

Remember the Mary Pickford curls? They were very important in their day and worn by thousands of would-be ingenues of the Pickford era. Garbo's long bob is still famous although the tiny hats of the last year have played havoc with it to some extent. The Claudette Colbert bangs, although distinctive, have never exerted any perceptible influence on hair styles.

Startling to me is the influence "Alice in

Wonderland," just released as a picture, has had on hair styles. Already you see combs in the hair accompanied by that straight combed-back look which Alice always achieved in the illustrations of the Lewis Carroll book. Maybe this is because there has been so much advance publicity on "Alice" and so many photographs of the ideal person for the title role published in advance. At any rate, Alice's style of hairdress is with us today.

Would you like to know the lowdown on the great 1933 "Pants For Women" epidemic? Pajamas for beach and lounging had been in vogue. But not until Dietrich was photographed publicly at the Brown Derby in her natty gray trousers and mannish jacket, at the Mayfair in her tuxedo, on the street with her small daughter also in trousered suit, did the world get interested in the tailored trousers for women.

Modern interior decoration—straight line chairs, austere lamps, concealed lighting, absence of furbelows, and the lovely decorative heritage of the luxurious periods of the past—owes much of its development to the movies.

Cedric Gibbons used modern interiors first in comedies. He said you could suggest so much more with modern effects than with old-fashioned. He exaggerated his first modernistic furniture for the fun of it. His first serious use of it came in "Her Cardboard Lover." The world liked his work.

Following the release of "When Ladies Meet" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the studio was flooded with requests for plans of the quaint, lovely little farmhouse home portrayed in that picture. Women wrote in and wanted to know the names of the various pieces of furniture, where to buy quilts and curtains such as pictured.

You see, the movies are responsible for a lot of things!

The world copies the movie stars in little and big things, and the only thing for which I am thankful, is that Heather Angel's monocle has caused not a ripple.

used in the same way; shortly. In "Christina," too, I saw a military jacket with a double, round, but flat-laying and overlapping collar, which looked pretty perky.

Adrian confided that he has some revolutionary ideas coming out in the things which Norma Shearer will wear in "Rip Tide." But—due to the way manufacturers and dress houses snap up everything new in the movies (remember how they grabbed Joan Crawford's "Letty Lynton" dress?) he is keeping his sketches under lock and key. Still pictures of these costumes will not be released until the picture opens.

Which brings up another point. Do you realize that Hollywood, in setting fads and fashions, must be from three to six months ahead in creating them? It takes that long to get the picture, in which they flash through the country, produced and released.

A dress that Travis Banton, style designer for Paramount, created last week for Marlene Dietrich to wear in her new picture, will not be seen by you and me until early next spring.

It was Banton, incidentally, who put feathers on Marlene Dietrich and started the feather vogue which swept the world. Do you remember how Dietrich wore coque feathers around her neck in one of her "Shanghai Express" costumes? Today, you see bird of paradise effects, ostrich feathers on evening gowns and wraps, all because of that.

Look at the heavy makeup on the young



# STARS AT WORK

Over Hollywood with  
S. R. Mook

A Survey of the Studios  
and Lots.

**W**HAT a day! What a day! What a day!!! I waken at six-thirty and find the sun already shining in a cloudless sky. Suddenly I'm sick of California. This much vaunted climate is fine for invalids and octogenarians. But I'm not an invalid and I won't be an octogenarian for another five years. I want some cold weather and snow and rain and I can do without earthquakes for a few weeks. I lie in bed thinking about the futility of it all. The houseboy shoves the morning paper under my door and I learn that "She Loves Me Not" has just opened in New York and is a hit. There are lots of other hits. I jump out of bed and a cold shower starts the blood pulsing. Damn it! I'm going to New York. Today! Tonight! But first there are all those sets to be covered.

## At Warners

**I** BUSTLE out to Warners' First National studio without any breakfast. The publicity department let out a shriek of dismay when I burst into their office. "What are you doing out here at this time of day?" they moan. "Don't you know no one is supposed to come around before ten thirty?"

"Whadda I care?" I retort. "I'm going to New York tonight and I've got to cover the sets before I catch my train."

"Tonight?" they echo. "Aren't you excited?"

"No," I snap. "I hate New York. But today I hate California worse. So I'm going. Let's get started."

We barge on to the set of "A Modern Hero" starring Richard Barthelmess. Dick surveys me with raised eyebrows. "I knew when I saw you at the Colony Club last night you were in for a hard night. Why didn't you go home and get some sleep instead of staying up all night?"

"I did go home," I retort. "I did get some sleep. Look how clear my eyes are—how pink and white my skin!"

"You didn't go home," he insists. "If you'd gone to bed you wouldn't be out here at this time of the morning. Nobody gets up this early—except picture actors."

"They do, too," I snap. "I'm going to New York tonight."



Bud Fine, Russell Hopton, Jim Dundee and Jack La Rue in "Good Dame." That's the Sylvia Sidney picture.

Now go on and make a scene like a good boy. I've got lots to do today."

"Today?" he whistles. "Excited?"

"No, I'm not excited. I just want to get my work done. Will you make just one scene so I can go?"

Dick has a whispered consultation with the director and to my amazement they promptly shoot the scene. It is the interior of a sleeping car belonging to a small circus. There is a built-in bunk, a chair, and cheap cretonne curtains over the windows—no other furniture. Dick, in a pair of brown cord pants with a wide leather belt and a black, turtle-necked jersey sweater, is lying on the bunk. Marjorie Rambeau in a black wig, her hair straggling about her face, and clad in a cheap black silk kimono with gold Chinese figures worked into it, is sitting at the foot of the bed. She is his mother and is explaining his father to him.





A scene from "I Walk Alone," with Victor Jory and Rosemary Ames. Victor predicts that Rosemary will be a screen sensation.

In "A Modern Hero," Richard Barthelmess listens while Marjorie Rambeau tells him about his father.



When Lee Tracy and Mexico had their tiff, "Viva Villa" got the publicity. They are finishing it in Hollywood. Wallace Beery, Katherine DeMille and Stuart Erwin in the wedding scene.

Dick regards her with an intense, burning look. "He was Nathan Wolfson," Marge explains proudly. "They were the most powerful banking family in Europe. They were like royalty—greater than royalty. And," wistfully, "Nathan was an only son." She makes a hopeless little gesture. "So he was not free." An edge of bitterness creeps into her voice as she continues: "I knew I should give him up—he must go back to the world he belonged in." Her voice drops to a hoarse whisper: "So—in London one morning—I left him, still asleep."

As the full import of her words begins to penetrate, Dick sits up, looking at her eagerly, fixedly. But there is a slight pause as Marge, with agony in her eyes lives over those moments again. "I joined a circus going to Australia," she finally continues, "so he couldn't follow me—but always hoping that he would." She reaches for the bottle of brandy, and begins fumbling with the cork. "Then I read of his marriage. His family arranged it," looking away from Dick, her face desolate. "That night when I went into the big cage—I didn't care what happened," glancing down at the empty sleeve of her kimono, where one of her arms should have been. "Then," with ironic bitterness, "my favorite leopard solved the problem for me!"

There is a dramatic pause. Dick looks at her, stirred with a feeling of tenderness he has never known before. She looks at him and her eyes fill with tears. "So you see," she whispers with a pathetic little smile, "You are a *real* love child."

Suddenly her voice breaks and she buries her face in her arm. Dick jumps up, grabs a coat off a hook on the wall and starts out the door. He is halfway through it when he stops, turns back into the car and goes over to her. He stands there staring at her. Then he pats her shoulder gently, turns and goes quickly, quietly out. There is the sound of a door closing as Marge sits there gazing off into space for a moment or two—thinking—wondering.

Barthelmess has always been one of my favorite actors and my admiration for him increases. There are precious few who could listen to a monologue as long as that, with never a word of their own to say, and simulate interest the way he did—his expression changing with almost every word she uttered.

"Lucky devil," he says as we shake hands, "I wish I were going with you."

Next door to Barthelmess, "As the Earth Turns" is shooting. They have probably the most beautiful set of the month here. Almost a whole farm has been erected inside one of the stages. There is the farmhouse, the barn, fences at varying distances apart, a driveway, the old well with a rough stone coping around it and an orchard of peach trees in blossom. There seem to be miles of them but really there are com- [Continued on page 60]



# The ASSASSINS

**MURDER!**

An ugly word. An altogether too common word. And nowhere more ugly or more common than in Hollywood.

Usually, when murder is committed, the one murdered is out of misery. His days of fear and worry and pain are over. But not in Hollywood.

The other day, a friend stopped me. "I am trying to get Charlie Ray a job," he said quietly. "He is willing to do *anything*. You don't know of a chance, do you?"

"I didn't know he was in Hollywood. I thought he was in New York—"

The man smiled. "Charlie slipped into town as a forgotten man. A friend, a big man in this business, is helping him to pay

his and Mrs. Ray's expenses. The idea is to get him some kind of place where he can feel that he is making enough to support himself and his wife—"

A murdered man *who was still living*. A man who had crept back into his home town, *where he had been murdered*.

Clara Bow was the first person to tell me about the assassins of Hollywood. It was when she was at the very height of her majestic fame—a fame that I believe most of us underestimated. Clara Bow was the most powerful Queen who has ever reigned over Hollywood—including Garbo and Mae West. That statement is proven by both box-office and fan mail figures.

"It won't last if they don't let me play something besides the 'It' girl," she said. Her voice was desperately serious. "The public is going to get tired of that word *it* and the expression 'flapper,' too. All crazes pass. They are crazes. Why don't they let me do something else? I can act. I know I can. They know it, too. But no scenario writer will think of turning out a story for me unless I am an 'It' flapper. They will *murder* me, I tell you!"

I was then doing a story called "After The Flapper, What?" Clara did not know the answer, but she certainly understood the whimsical fancy of the American public. She realized that whatever came *after*

the flapper meant *her* death in motion pictures.

And she had placed her chubby finger upon the obvious assassin—the scenario writer who could not even imagine a story for Clara that did not portray her as the personification of just one type of character: the "It" girl.

I talked with a very famous scenario writer about this. She has asked me to refrain from using her name for reasons which will be obvious when I have finished quoting her.

"You and Clara Bow are right," she told me. "We kill one of them after another. It is cold blooded murder because we realize what we are doing. It is even premeditated, only we are not responsible for the premeditation. Have you ever heard of a story conference? Do you know who sits in on that conference? We write a yarn and take it into that conference. When we have finished, a producer will say, 'All very well. But you haven't had him punch anyone in the jaw? In his last picture they went crazy when he punched the girl in the



William Haines (above) and (below) the "Pine" room of his home. The rust colored cor-duroy club chairs, the old drum table, the Sheraton secretary all indicate his unerring taste.



OF

# Hollywood ~ By Ruth Biery

## The Stars Have Good Reason to Fear the "Typers."

jaw! You must put in a punch—'

"We explain that the character did not fit the punch. This man would not punch the girl in the jaw. He would be ashamed to—

"Well, change his character, then. Have him punch the girl in the jaw; he must. They liked it last time; they'll like it this time. Besides, the New York office—'

Although she did not tell me, I knew to whom she referred. The sock that James Cagney handed Mae Clark with the grapefruit in "Public Enemy" had been such

Charles Ray was found lying by the way-side, *murdered*.

True, he tried to come back in other rôles. But it was too late. The public had learned, through the long series of pictures in which he played only the one rôle, to accept him as such. If he had been the country lad in one; the city shy-ster in another; the old man in a third—then we would have hailed him as *Charlie Ray, actor*. But since we had learned to see him as one particular type again and again, we laughed when we finally saw him in another. He had been so well stamped upon our minds as a *pattern* that we could not erase him.

How many of the true heroes of Hollywood have been assassinated? I can remember when they were turning out one Wally Beery-Raymond Hatton cheap comedy after another. Wally was desperate. "If this keeps up, I'm done." He escaped. Lady Luck smiled broadly. But his partner?—*Murdered!*

Billy Haines was not a wise-cracker by nature. He didn't even have much sense of humor. He was a wistful lad who had sold green string beans on the pavements of New York to keep himself from starving. And then he had won a motion picture contest and made an accidental and naughty wise-crack, in a fit of temper, at a producer. The producer laughed. Immediately Bill Haines was fitted for only one occupation in life. To make people laugh. He understood. He was shrewdly intelligent. He told me, "I sat up nights making up wise-cracks or hunting them up. You know . . . old joke books. I made it a profession to be funny. It was tough work. But if they thought I was a comedian, I couldn't afford to disappoint 'em!"

Haines foresaw his murder early in the game; he prepared for it. And while he was "playing the game"—learning to coin wise-cracks and throwing expensive, Hollywood parties, he was quietly and unobtrusively finding an outlet for his truly artistic nature (he wanted, as a boy, to become an artist!) by studying interior decorating. He filled his apartment library with books and pamphlets on the subject. He learned to tell an original antique from a fake, through long nights of intensive work. And when he felt he had learned enough to attempt an outlet for the creative urge within, which had been intensified by real study—he designed, built and furnished himself a home in Hollywood.

I wish there was space to describe that home, in detail. I shall never forget the first time I entered that upstairs drawing-room. It was as though I had left the emotional, fire-wagon pace of Hollywood and stepped into the quiet, reminiscent peace of Old England's back country. My nerves relaxed; my mind stopped seesawing back and forth like a hobby horse. And, just as I reacted, so did the balance of Hollywood.

"Oh, Bill, would you furnish my home for me? Would you?" And as he hung back, modestly, forgetting to wise-crack, the cry became louder. "Please, Bill. Money is no consideration. I'll pay you—"

[Continued on next page]



Charlie Farrell has won his fight against the "typers" and is making a fresh beginning.

There once was a time when Charles Ray—in silent pictures like "The String Bean"—had a great following, but he was killed by being typed.

a success that, when they were preparing his next story, a wire had been received from the New York office, ordering that he sock every girl in every picture, henceforward. "Make him tough!" was the order for Jimmy.

"Make him a country boy," was the order for Charlie Ray. "Don't let him play anything else—" And when the fad for country boys was over,



And wise Bill eventually consented and eventually pocketed the huge fees which had been suggested, not by himself but by those who were begging the favor. By the time his murder was committed William Haines was more famous, locally, as an interior decorator, than he had been as an actor.

But not all of Hollywood's "to-be-murdered" stars are as fortunate or far-sighted as Billy and Clara Bow.

Mary Brian fought against playing the perennial juvenile. Mary, quite recently, had a rather pathetic interview written about her. "I Must Make Myself Over Again," she told the writer. She must prove that she can be something besides the sweet, college sweetheart, since she has long since outgrown that rôle.

We have told you in another story how Charlie Farrell feared murder so desperately that he left the team of Gaynor and Farrell and went without work for *nine months*, at the loss of \$90,000, to try and avoid the catastrophe. He even played his part wearing *eye glasses* in "Aggie Appleby," just to prove that ability-at-characterization, rather than a familiar personality, could carry him to success.

Understand, the producers responsible for the assassinations committed by the scenario writers, who have written a drunk scene for each Marie Dressler picture, a killing for each George Raft, a sleazy love-scene for each Garbo, a fallen-woman for each Dietrich, etc., have thought they were justified. Their interests are obviously the box-office. It is a natural conclusion that if Bill Haines makes a big income for them in one slightly naughty picture, he will do it in another. Why should they think of the star? They pay him a huge salary for taking such a risk; by the time the public is tired of his enforced specialization in entertainment, they will have found a newcomer with a new pull for the box-office.

Before Barbara Stanwyck would make any more pictures for her producers, she had them insert a clause in her contract to the effect that she would not be forced to play any more farmer-girl rôles.

We all know the battle George Raft waged against doing "Temple Drake." He separated from his studio, and was on the verge of leaving for England to make pictures, when his producers called him back—and offered him \$1,500 a week to remain here; he had been receiving \$750! And George has just proven in "The Bowery" that he is capable of showing that tender side of his little-boy nature on the screen, as well as the hardboiled menace which he was forced to develop to raise himself from the Tenderloin district of New York, where he had his beginnings.

Eddie Robinson placed a firm foot upon a producer's floor and refused to be "hard-boiled" any longer. "Silver Dollar" and "I Loved a Woman" resulted from his independence.

Brilliant writers, who have been imported to Hollywood to write picture material, have followed one of two paths. They have followed the "murder" instructions of those hiring them or they have returned from whence they came to pen sarcastic articles about the business. I. A. R. Wylie and Dorothy Parker are examples of the latter.

The others, too numerous to mention, pocket their checks with their tongues in their cheeks and continue to write scenes that have already proven acceptable at the box-office!

Do I hear the criticism, "But don't the stars have a choice of their own stories?"

There has been much publicity to that effect. I will give you just one example, with the assurance that you can apply it to any star in this business.

Connie Bennett was supposed to have a choice of her stories at Radio. She laughed when I asked her about it. "No star under contract, drawing a salary from week to week, has the choice of stories. I had the theoretical right at Radio. This is the



"Bolero" is a dancing holiday for George Raft and Carole Lombard.

way it worked. The studio promised so many Connie Bennett stories for the year; I was signed to make that many. Suppose they submitted five stories to me and I turned them all down. The time had come when I *must* make a picture to keep the studio's promise for so many Bennett productions, and to keep my contract with the studio. Then I had to choose the least of five evils. I have had four bad pictures in a row due to this very situation.

"My new contract with Twentieth Century is different. It calls for three pictures a year, but I do not have to make *any* of them unless I approve the story. If none are made, my contract is automatically extended. In other words, no one loses but myself. It is up to me to help find a good story!"

Another question I hear asked is: "What about Janet Gaynor?"

Ah, there is always one exception, I believe, to prove each point.

Janet happens to play the type of girl who has been handed down intact throughout the generations. She represents that will o' the wisp charm which other women have always wanted to mother; which fathers have always wanted to see their sons

capture; that sons have always yearned to marry, and, as such, may last forever, if she does *not* change her type.

Who, in Hollywood, is in danger of being *murdered* today? Two names—new names which *top* 'em all—flash across our minds at once. Katharine Hepburn and Mae West. And we don't need to worry about Katy. No one could type her; she is capable of outwitting a whole host of assassins, single handed. She has already done it. She refused to sign an original contract unless it was for a definite picture. She chose to make her *début* with a Barrymore! Katharine Hepburn studied this business before she entered it and made her arrangements *first*. "Bill of Divorcement," "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," "Little Women," "Trigger"—and then away to the stage.

"I need the experience on the stage. I want it. But I don't want the movie audiences to get tired of me. My absence will give us a good chance to get a different type of story. I want each one to be completely different, you know—"

Mae West is a different story. She is obviously a craze. She is so much of a single type that no one can vary her. She writes her own stories, because she is so singular that no one else can even write dialogue for her. And she will last just as long as the public does not change its mind. No one knows that better than Mae West!

Jean Harlow and her studio received shocks when "Bombshell" was released. The world thought it was a war picture, and having tired of war pictures long ago, stayed away from it. But both the studio and Jean thought that the name "*Jean Harlow* in *Bombshell*" would attract patrons. Jean was a star whose very name was thought to be important enough to pack the theatres. It wasn't.

But does this mean that the world is already fatigued with the platinum blonde craze? Jean is a capable actress, like Clara Bow. Has she, too, been assassinated by too much *sameness* in her pictures?

A common saying in Hollywood has been, "Even a Garbo must die!" Hollywood has wondered if the day would come when Garbo's "mystery" might become an old story. Only the box-office at "Queen Christina" can answer that question. The picture is crowded with many obvious, former *Garbo touches*. But she is dressed in the clothes of a new period. . . . But so is Dietrich in "The Scarlet Empress." Will they not help to assassinate one another by appearing *at the same time* in eighteenth century disguises?

After all, you readers are the only ones who can tell when these people, who are still being typed, will be murdered. You accepted the "It" girl for many years; you may accept the "Com' Up An' See Me, Sometime" girl for many more.

The scenario writer concluded her interview with me: "Yes, we have been the assassins. But we have been well-paid for our killings. And our day is ending, thank goodness. The people of the United States will not put up with gangsters and kidnapers forever. So the stars of Hollywood will not put up with our assassinations. They are already banding together to prevent murder. They are willing to take *less* money that they may have *longer lives*."



# "DESIGN FOR STARRING"

*Some Star in Hollywood, Some Star on Broadway,  
But Miriam Hopkins Is a Star Wherever You Find Her.*

By Lenore Samuels

ON A SUB-ZERO morning in January (the coldest, according to the proud weather bureau, that New York had experienced since that memorable winter of 1917—if you want to remember back that far), I went to have breakfast with Miriam Hopkins. Although Fifth Avenue is noted for its gaiety, at 11:30 of that bleak, cold morning it had taken on quite an unaccustomed air of depression. So it was with genuine relief that I entered the Hotel Pierre, that luxurious habitat of the socially elect in the fashionable Sixties.

A second after I had rung the bell of Miriam's apartment on the 14th floor, her cheery voice bade me enter, but when I came into the exquisitely furnished sitting-room, so redolent of good taste and comfort, there was no Miriam to greet me. That unmistakable, seductive voice of hers could be heard, however, on the tele-

broidered Peter Pan collar, she looked for all the world like a healthy sub-deb home from boarding-school for the holidays, and tremendously enthused about everything. Her lovely golden hair (she's a natural blonde—you can tell that by her eye-lashes which are so light they are almost white) was piled in curls high on the back of her head after the fashion affected by the southern belle in "Jezebel," the post-Civil War play in which she is starring on Broadway.

of her senses . . . the marvelous art and auction galleries, the shops, the spontaneous little suppers at Tony's, her favorite midnight rendezvous, the sparkling dinner



In "Jezebel," Miriam Hopkins charmed the audience at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, while her picture, "Design for Living," was held over by popular demand at the Paramount.

phone in an adjoining room. Interrupting her conversation once more, she invited me to take off my coat and make myself right at home. Which I proceeded to do, warming my chilled fingers on the radiator and in the meantime admiring the magnificent view of Central Park from the windows.

The telephone clicked and Miriam's voice was wafted out to me again. "I'm still in bed," she called. "Do you mind? I always rest as long as I can on matinee days."

Assuring her that I not only didn't mind, but was delighted at the chance of visiting with her so informally, I drew up a chair close to her bed while she took up the telephone again to order breakfast for two.

She was, I saw at once, smaller and even daintier than she appears on the screen. In her pink silk bed-jacket, with its tiny em-

While we dawdled over our coffee and toast and fruit, we chatted disconnectedly in between vivacious telephone conversations (she had a phone on either side of her bed, and almost as soon as one was hung up the other would start to ring), while I listened, completely absorbed by her generous mixture of wit and charm and high good spirits. The following sketch of her was gathered during these varying snatches of conversation—

During Miriam's first year in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, she commuted back and forth from New York seven different times. She could not get the nostalgia for this old city of ours out

parties at which she met that small coterie of friends who had come to mean so much to her . . . all these led her back to New York again and again.

But, during her second year in Hollywood, Miriam, being a girl of intelligence and character, decided to discipline herself. So she remained in Hollywood for twelve full months, without one teeny weeny visit East. The test worked. Now, although she's revelling at the opportunity of spending a full winter and spring in New York, she's actually looking forward to her return to Hollywood the latter part of May. She's even seriously considering the purchase of an estate at Santa Monica, intending to make it her permanent home.

"It would be nice for Michael," she ex-  
[Continued on page 56]



# FAN MAIL

Each Month the Best Fan Letters Received Will be Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

## The Fan Letter to Edward G. Robinson—

Editor,  
Silver Screen.  
Dear Sir:—

Edward G. Robinson is to American movies what the late Ring Lardner was to American literature—a true intellectual, with the faculty of speaking Everyman's language fluently and convincingly.

As formidable gangster, deep-sea fisherman, pioneer prospector, tabloid editor, condemned slayer and esthetic patron of arts, Robinson's acting strikes the same responsive chords in Humanity's heart as do the writings of Lardner.

Show us Robinson, man of letters, in George Beban's famous role, "The Alien"; allow us to lose ourselves once more in rollicking laughter, quick tears and poignant heart-searing drama. When Robinson, brilliant linguist, acts, we react!

Sincerely yours,  
B. M. Jackson  
Thomaston, Ga.

## Edward G. Robinson's Answer—

Dear Mr. Jackson—

It is very flattering to receive a letter such as yours.

Gratifying as the success of "Little Caesar" was, the price of that success was great. Recently, however, the public has been weaned away from labelling me as a "type," or "one part" actor, and I hope, in time, to be permitted to do the kind of role you suggest in your letter. It is the sort of thing I did in the theatre.

Most sincerely,  
E. G. Robinson

## The Fan Letter to Norma Shearer—

Editor,  
Silver Screen.  
Dear Sir:—

I haven't been quite right lately. Sleep and appetite bad. Snap at the kids and collectors. Provider husband doesn't seem to be the fascinating lad of yore.

their revelations, one is bound to feel the longing for the freedom of the more fortunate woman. So I should say finally that no woman enjoys even secretly living on a "Back Street."

Best wishes to you always,

Irene Dunne

## The Fan Letter to Irene Dunne—

Editor,  
Silver Screen.  
Dear Sir:—

It seems rather tardy to be writing to you on this particular subject, but ever since I saw the film, "Back Street," I have been getting tied up in endless arguments with my friends regarding the character played by Irene Dunne.

Considering how carelessly John Boles treated her upon occasion, and also considering that he possessed a wife and children upon whom he lavished every courtesy—shouldn't Irene have married that up-and-coming young man from her home town when he begged her to?

My friends argue that her love for Boles was too overpowering. I say that cold logic ought to have governed her actions, for no woman wants to dwell on the back street of a man's heart. Or, does she, secretly? Do you know the answer to this riddle?

Sincerely,  
Joan Wadsworth  
New York City

## Irene Dunne's Answer—

Dear Miss Wadsworth—

Was so happy to have your letter forwarded to me.

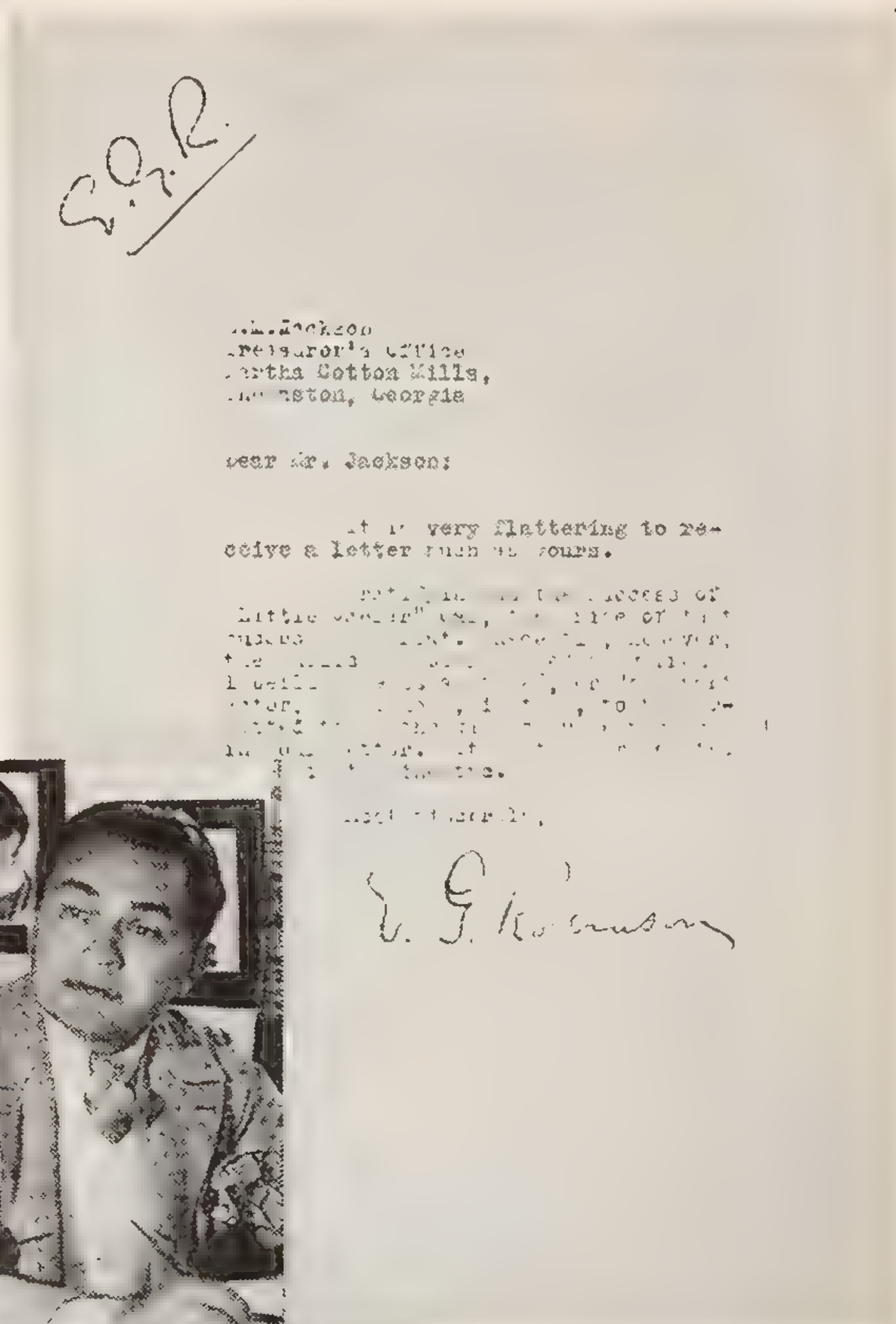
Your question is: Does any woman want to live on the "Back Street" of a man's heart? I should say definitely "No"—but, in the case of the woman in "Back Street," to have married the nice young man who pursued her from her home town, and given up the one great love of her life, would have brought her little happiness.

I have received very many letters from brave, true women who have lived on back streets of life and, while always a glimpse of happiness is seen in

Norma Shearer has a sense of humor.

Irene Dunne answers Miss Wadsworth.

Edward G. Robinson, pen in hand.





# DEPARTMENT

Address:—(Your Favorite Star)

% Editor, Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.

45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

## DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. \$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.

### The Fan Letter to Sylvia Sidney—

Editor,  
Silver Screen.  
Dear Sir:—

It is to be hoped that more films will be shown of Sylvia Sidney, an actress of rare ability and of a certain unquenchable spirit. She seems to be possessed with an aura of mystery not unlike an oriental. "Japanesque" might be a good one-word description. Sylvia's acting appears to add to the illusion of the motion picture, due to her ability to apparently live the part she is playing. She has power to charm, and her voice and gestures are at times haunting.

L. Kober  
South Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### Sylvia Sidney's Answer—

Dear Mr. Kober—

Although your letter was not addressed to me directly, Mr. Keen forwarded it, and I am happy to take the opportunity to answer it.

I am happy that you liked "Madame Butterfly." Frankly, I love Oriental roles, and would like to do another one very soon.

Sylvia Sidney likes criticism.



Dear Mr. Kober,  
Although your letter was not addressed to me directly, Mr. Keen forwarded it, and I am happy to take the opportunity to answer it.  
I am happy that you liked "Madame Butterfly." Frankly, I love Oriental roles, and would like to do another one very soon.  
The jolting to hear sincere praise or constructive criticism from a fan at any time.  
Write again.  
Sincerely,  
Sylvia Sidney

And it has just dawned on me what's ailing me. I've been missing Norma Shearer. Just heard she's back from a jaunt in Europe and will soon appear in "Marie Antoinette" and "The Good Earth." That's music to my ears and balm to my troubled soul. Hurry, please, Norma and set me right with the world.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Violet Lane  
Charlotte, N. C.

### Norma Shearer's Answer—

Dear Mrs. Lane—

I loved your little letter. I hope your diagnosis is correct.

Am trying very hard to provide the proper remedy—a bottle of patent movie medicine called "Rip Tide," a mixture of Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery and Shearer. I hope you will find it pleasant to take.

I expect to start on "Marie Antoinette" in a few months. Will not be playing in "Good Earth" unless my expression changes.

Bless you,  
(Doctor) Norma Shearer

### The Fan Letter to Mae West—

Editor,  
Silver Screen.  
Dear Sir:—

I am taking the liberty of voicing the opinion of all fan dance admirers.

Would it be possible to have Mae West portray her version of this new and fascinating art?

Very truly yours,  
Walter E. Johnson  
Chicago, Ill.

### Mae West's Answer—

Dear Mr. Johnson—

I am afraid you'll never see me do a fan dance.

Not that I object to fances, you understand, but after all it is Sally Rand's own personal property. She created it, so why should I copy it?

Maybe for my next picture, I'll make up a new dance of my own, but I promise you there won't be a fan in sight.

Sorry to disappoint a friend.

Sincerely,  
Mae West

Mae West

Dear Mr. Johnson,  
I am afraid you'll never see me do a fan dance.  
Not that I object to fances, you understand, but after all it is Sally Rand's own personal property.  
Maybe for my next picture, I'll make up a new dance of my own, but I promise you there won't be a fan in sight.  
Sorry to disappoint a friend.  
Sincerely,  
Mae West



Mae West writes Mr. Johnson.

It is gratifying to hear either sincere praise or constructive criticism from a fan at any time.

Write again.  
Sincerely,  
Sylvia Sidney

Send Your Letters To  
Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.

for MARCH 1934



*Janet*  
**GAYNOR**

*Lionel*  
**BARRYMORE**



# “*Carolina*”

Robert **YOUNG** • Richard **CROMWELL** • Mona **BARRIE**  
Henrietta **CROSMAN** • Stepin **FETCHIT** •

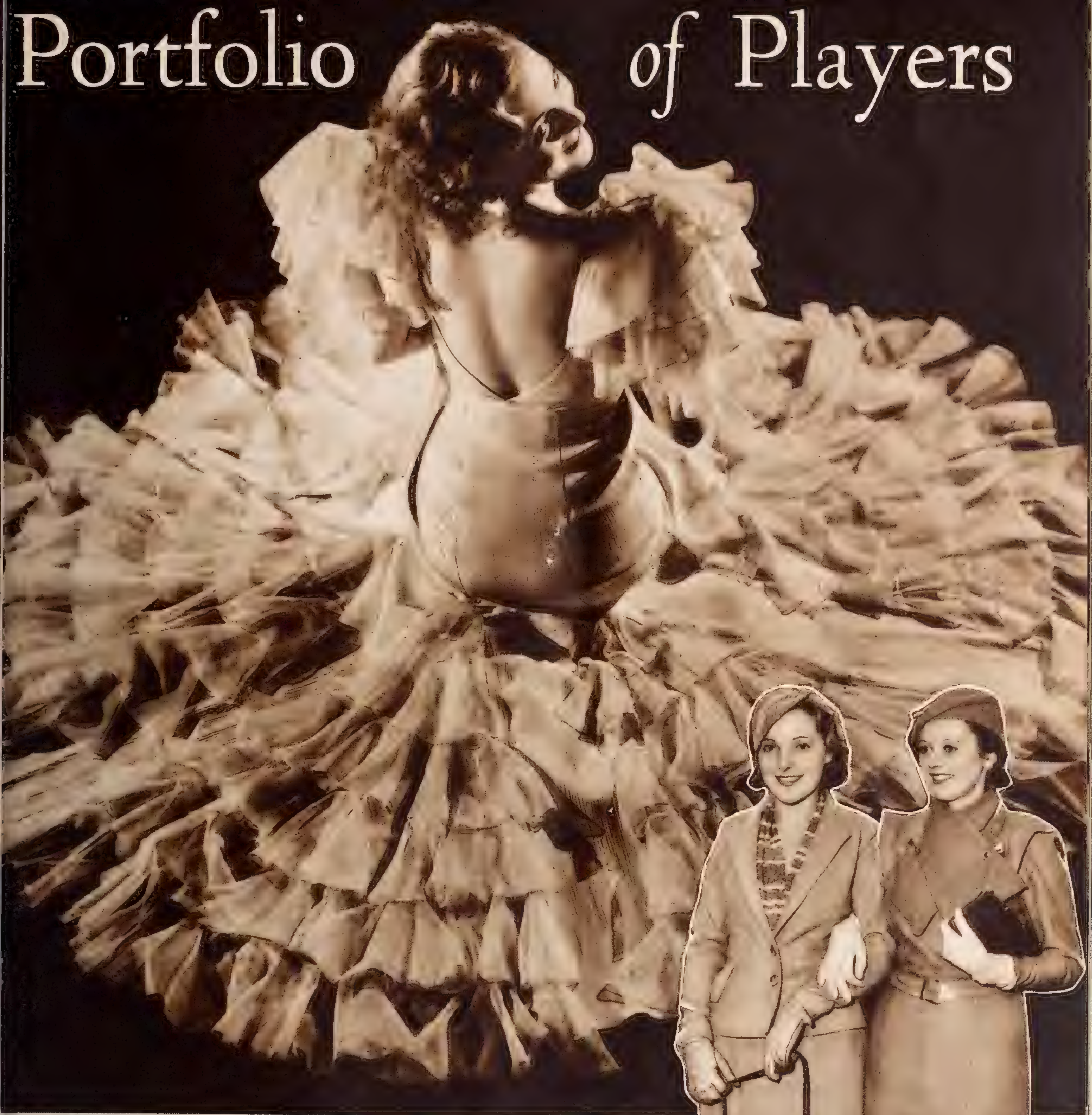
**DIRECTED BY HENRY KING**  
**SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY**  
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

*Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.*





# Portfolio of Players



Lazarnick

## PAT PATERSON

**A** NEW girl, from London, with screen, stage and radio successes to justify Fox in casting her immediately in "Bottoms Up." Now that good English is inseparable from good pictures, the imports from Sweden and Hungary are falling off and our British cousins are arriving by every boat. Pat will find that Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Clive Brook, Heather Angel and Diana Wynyard taught us to expect great things. That's Heather greeting Pat and her scottie on their arrival.







## CONSTANCE BENNETT

"MOULIN ROUGE," one of the new Twentieth Century pictures, "has Connie supported by Franchot Tone. She wears a dark wig in it and creates some very dashing effects, as you can see at the left. She never seems to stop growing, is always surprising, and always better. That's Constance for you!





## JACK HOLT

**T**HE Compleat Angler, Movie Hero and Stream Whipper is Jack Holt. He is under a long term Columbia contract. Between pictures he fishes the high waters of San Gabriel Canyon for rainbow trout and, incidentally, furnishes an excellent subject for the artist photographer, Orville Snider.

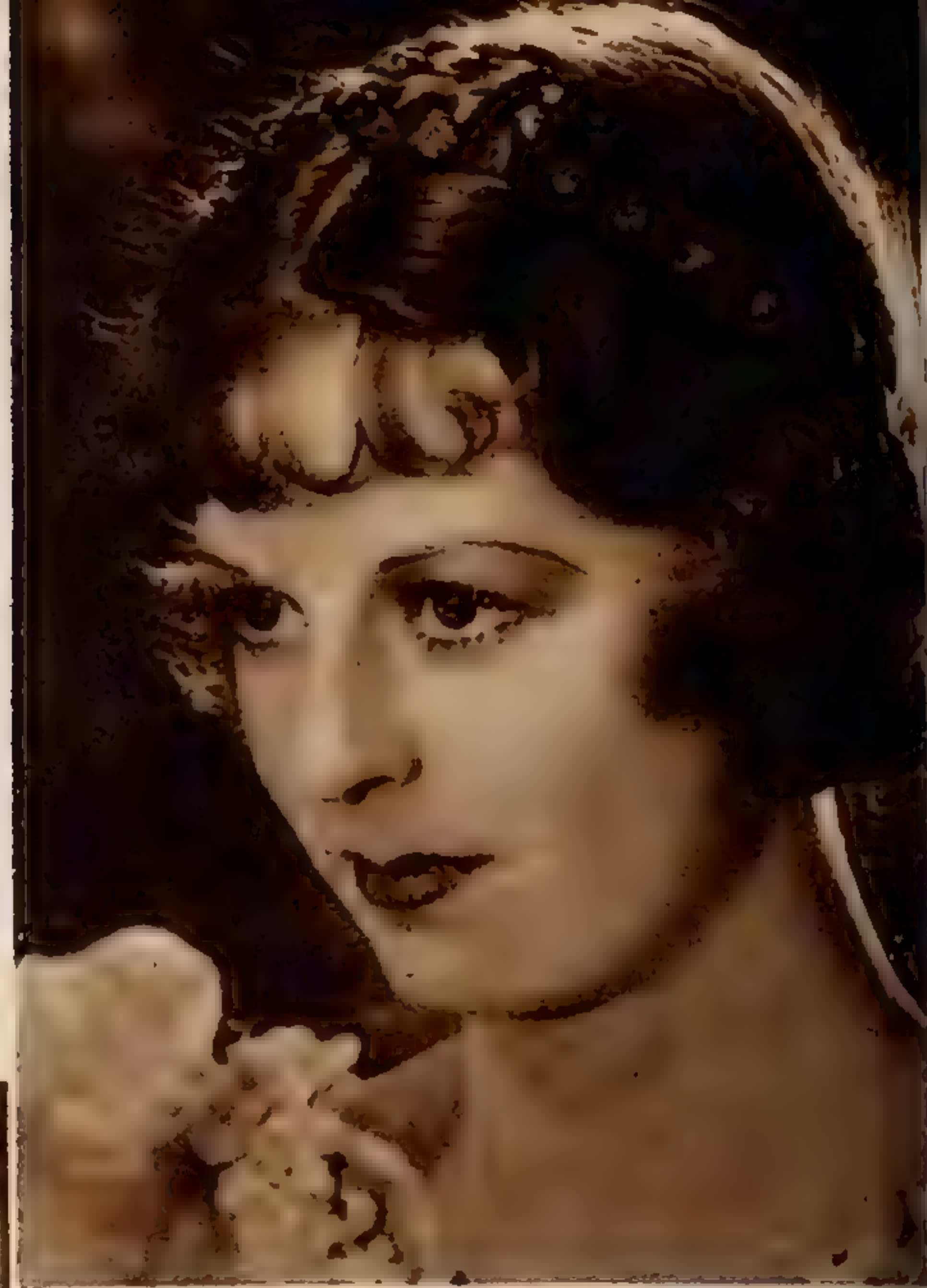




## MARGARET SULLAVAN

**S**HE'LL be hard at work on her second picture by the time this reaches all the new Sullavan fans. "Little Man, What Now," the best seller German novel by Hans Fallada, is the basis for Margaret's next picture. "Only Yesterday" made her famous. Her radio appearances are delightful. Can she make "Little Man" a success?

*Freulich*







*Ernest A. Bachrach*

First Picture—  
Katharine makes  
her bow in "Bill  
of Divorcement"  
with John Barry-  
more.

Second Picture—  
"Christopher  
Strong." Kath-  
arine holds the  
interest of the  
critics.

## KATHARINE HEPBURN

"**T**RIGGER," which will be released late in March, will be the fifth Hepburn picture. Here are scenes from all of her films. Her fans are violent, her critics are savage. Katharine rose so quickly that when her play "The Lake" was not too well received, many believed the Hepburn craze over. We do not. We believe in the new, wonderful, spiritual quality of this great actress.

Fifth Picture—  
"Trigger." Kath-  
arine and Robert  
Young. Can she  
fail now?



Third Picture—  
"Morning Glory,"  
with Douglas  
Fairbanks, Jr.

Fourth Picture—  
"Little Women."  
The year's great-  
est. With Paul  
Lukas.







*Hurrell*



## JEANETTE MACDONALD

**H**ER latest picture is "The Cat and the Fiddle," in which Ramon Novarro sings to her—but Jeanette's a girl who can sing right back at him. Jeanette has a nice new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—more money. Which is a long way up from the Ned Wayburn Capital Theatre chorus, where she started. She is a reddish blonde and five feet five. With three-inch heels she'll be as tall as Ramon.





*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

## OTTO KRUGER

**H**E WAS mentioned as having given one of the Best Performances of 1933, and experts predict a great future for him in "Men in White," now being made. Meanwhile he is with Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady," and good, too! Otto retains his own personality although he made a great reputation on Broadway in "The Royal Family"—in which he played the part believed to be an ironic study of John Barrymore.







Harry Lillis Crosby (popularly known as "Bing") and Dixie Lee Crosby—and the baby.



The living room. The table at the left is polished maple with a large semi-circular hole cut in each end. In this hole fit the copper buckets in which fresh flowers are kept. The easy chair is upholstered in a dull salmon damask trimmed with a white cotton cord. The divan is an offshade of white—very rough material, which looks a lot like some tired old bedspreads in vogue in the south years ago. It is trimmed in a heavy green and white fringe. The pillows are green corduroy with a white and green fringe.



# The "HOMIEST HOME"

We Have Heard of "Modernistic" Homes, "Exotic" Homes, "Flamboyant" Homes. Bing Crosby Has a Home to Live In.

By S. R. Mook



The front door is a dull blue with a peep hole through which callers can be identified without having to open the door.



The breakfast nook. The walls are papered in a blue plaid with an occasional thin stripe of dull red. The floor is covered with battleship linoleum with inlaid stripes of white. The curtains here are of glazed chintz with white dotted Swiss ruffles. The furniture is polished maple and the daisies on the table have white leaves and yellow centers. The cabinet in the corner is a built-in affair, enameled white, with a blue interior.

The dining room. The early American wall is made of white plates. Mr. Crosby at first I had lured him. them, which was "apiece," but Bing and insisted upon a lot (of ten) for goes to prove how tively you can furnish a famous







This is the front of the house (southern exposure), and facing a large walnut grove across the street. The room with the stick-out window is the living room and the flat window is in the den. Behind the den (you see the windows) is the play room. To the right of the front door is the dining room and above it is the baby's room and nursery.

The playroom. The walls are of California redwood. The chandelier has old-fashioned globes such as were used on oil lamps, the three stools in front of the bar are of maple and the cuspidor is a heavy brass affair picked up at an auction for \$2.00. That's a ship's clock above the bar and the wall on which it is mounted is a panel that pulls down so the bar can be locked. The table and arm chairs at the left are of polished maple. The backgammon board on the table is made of cork and was a present from Sue Carol.



Master bedroom. (Left) Four poster mahogany bed. White dotted Swiss spread and valance with glazed chintz curtain in the back. The lamp on the bedside table is porcelain, with a white dotted swiss shade.

Another corner of the living room. (Right) There are white muslin, ruffled curtains, with overdrapes of glazed chintz. The table is maple and the two chairs are upholstered in a dark plum glazed chintz.







WYNNE GIBSON  
PRESTON FOSTER

"SLEEPERS EAST" is a railroad-gangster-chorus girl story, but Wynne Gibson and Preston Foster are lovers, so who cares about the plot.





**DOLORES DEL RIO**  
**AL JOLSON**

**I**N "WONDER BAR," Dolores dances in Al's cabaret. Jolson put over talking pictures ("The Jazz Singer"), and now he deserves a break.







GENEVIEVE TOBIN  
EDWARD EVERETT  
HORTON

**G**ENEVIEVE, in "Easy to Love," gets even with her erring husband by flirting with Edward Everett Horton—a swell pair of comics.



**H**U B B Y  
Adolphe  
Menjou looks  
boldly at wife  
Genevieve  
Tobin when she  
shows her inde-  
pendence.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

ADOLPHE MENJOU



# MY SECRET to give *Beauty* ADDED *Soveliness*

As told to Florence Vondelle  
by  
CLAUDETTE COLBERT



## CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Starring in Paramount's  
"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

**Powder...***the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.*

**Rouge...***next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks, rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone...and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly...imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.*

**Lipstick...***last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It's moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.*

**W**HEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up. Each detail is perfect, yet unnoticed...it is the vision of beauty that attracts and impresses.

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Just fill in coupon for purse size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color tester, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE.



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# DAUGHTERS OF STYLE

Youth will have  
its fling—and  
very modish fling  
at that.



DOROTHY LEE

*John Miehle*

**I**F YOU have a penchant for sophisticated simplicity, and yet crave a few furbelows for gala occasions, why not choose an evening frock like Dorothy Lee's. Of cerise chiffon, it can be worn with or without the cerise feather boa, which ties at the low back with a trailing chiffon bow.

HELEN MACK

**Y**OU can look just as charming in the office as you do on the dance floor if you copy Helen Mack's charming cherry-red wool frock, with its distinctive four-in-hand tie arrangement in cherry-red and grey.





## SATIN-SOFT HANDS PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidently on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

LUPE VELEZ' hands are enchanting. Shown with William Cagney in the Reliance film, "Joe Palooka," released through United Artists.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E.S.T. WEAf, N.B.C. network.





EVELYN VENABLE

FREDRIC MARCH

"**D**EATH Takes a Holiday," successful as a play, is now being picturized. In the plot, Death (Fredric March), gives up his work, takes a day off and no one can die. He meets Evelyn and Life gets the best of him. Evelyn studied for her career, and appeared first in "Cradle Song." Now she is a regular actress—educated, refined, beautiful. She's the 1934 type—so let's bid a last long farewell to pretty, pretty sex girls. "Design for Living" was March at his most wonderful best. The monocle in this photograph is part of his make-up.





# THERE IS ONLY ONE Dorothea!



By  
Harriet  
Parsons

Baby LeRoy and Dorothea in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen." In "Cradle Song" Miss Wieck was delightful in a mother-like rôle.

*Dorothea Wieck is different, and is well liked in Hollywood.*

**S**HE sleeps with her script under her arm every night when she's working. Ordinarily she's an avid reader, but when she's working you can't get her to read the most interesting book.

Between pictures she indulges herself in the maddest combinations of food. Avocados, oranges, cottage cheese and bananas mixed together, and liberally sprinkled with salt and pepper, constitute one of her pet dishes. But when she's on a picture she doesn't know from one week to the next whether she's had a square meal or not. And doesn't care.

She's a sweet-tempered, gracious person—except when she's working on a picture. And then, beware! She'll fly off the handle at the slightest provocation. A story went the rounds of Hollywood, immediately after she started her first picture in this country, which nearly did her great harm. It seems she was getting ready for the first scene of her first American picture and was intensely nervous. She shrieked

at the hairdresser, who was a bit slow in answering her call, "Why you not run when I speak? In Germany when I call, they run!"

She's always abjectly sorry after she's lost her temper and she apologized profusely later. Before the picture was over she and the hairdresser were seen arm in arm, and the latter had asked for an autographed picture which she received with a grand inscription.

You see she's like that—*Dorothea Wieck*. She has a terrific intensity over her work which makes her resent anything which distracts or interferes.

It even made her leave a husband, whom she adores, after three brief months of marriage. A husband, *Baron Karl von der Decken*, who is a novelist and editor in Berlin, and of whom she is extremely proud.

**Dorothea Wieck pronounces her name as if it were spelled DORAKAYA VEEK.**

Before she started "Cradle Song," during the five months when she was perfecting her English, she wrote to him nightly—twenty and thirty page letters in longhand. When shooting began she still cabled him daily—but those lengthy letters ceased. Like everything else they had to give place to career.

It's small wonder that Dorothea Wieck has this passionate single-mindedness when working—this ability to concentrate utterly on the job in hand. Surrounded from early childhood by artists; great great granddaughter of Schumann and Clara Schumann Wieck, great pianist of her day; daughter of a painter father and musician mother; niece of a noted actor; protégé, during her adolescent 'teens, of the famous poet, Klabund, it is natural that she should have this fevered devotion to her own particular art. Born of artists, nurtured by artists, the concentration which is an essential part of genius is deeply ingrained in her. [Continued on page 57]



# REVIEWS

**RECENT PICTURES O.K. FOR CHILDREN**
**Alice in Wonderland**
**Little Women**
**Smoky**

## CHRISTINA

 Rating: BEYOND AND ABOVE ADJECTIVES—  
M-G-M

WE NEVER thought we would ever feel like a king, sceptre in hand, ruling his kingdom, but now this experience has come to us. Garbo puts us on a throne. Go to "Christina" and be inspired. You will see Garbo become as human as a boy, and once more she will captivate you with her marvellous spirit. A kingdom roars about her but, alone, she upholds emblazoned upon her soul the age old and glorious truth: a woman may give all for her love.

The cast is authentic. They are all royal personages brought to Hollywood at great expense by M-G-M from the 17th Century. They are all great men to know. Lewis



C. Aubrey Smith, Garbo and John Gilbert in "Queen Christina."

Stone is grand and Aubrey Smith will never have a finer time. We did not get so much from John Gilbert, but somehow no one can criticize Jack anymore, after so brave a return.

Garbo is the girl queen in boy's clothes and once, when she is on horseback in the snow, she laughs and the flowers in the park bloom. Her charm is infectious and utterly irresistible.

The ending is sheer poetry; fragile and still, but with a strength and sweep that swings up to the heaven of Best Pictures.

Rouben Mamoulian is the director and he has opened for us the closed pages of the past. His magic gives us new centuries to visit, and we can brawl in ancient saeters and once more come to Garbo's feet to worship. If you have read Undset, you will almost meet Kristin Lavransdatter at "Christina."

## MOULIN ROUGE

Rating: OO-LA LA, ZE CONNIE! MAGNIFIQUE!—Twentieth Century

AND now it's time to get out all the superlatives for Mr. Bennett's offspring, who married into the nobility. Connie hasn't had such a grand picture since "What Price Hollywood" and she certainly gives it the works. As Raquel, the actress from the Moulin Rouge (that delightful place in Paris where good tourists go bad) Connie sings and dances and acts, and you realize, definitely, that Connie Bennett is one of the most glamorous and captivating stars of the screen.

The story is somewhat reminiscent of "The Guardsman" but it is much more



Franchot Tone and Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge."

boisterous and rollicking. Connie plays the wife of playwright Franchot Tone, who has very decided ideas about a woman's place. After their steenth battle on the subject, Connie walks out on him to prove to him and the world that she has a definite talent as an actress and a singer. She impersonates Raquel, the naughty French star imported for Franchot's play, and completely deceives her husband and his best friend, Tullio Carminati. They both fall passionately in love with her—and for the rest of the picture Connie is torn between a natural delight that she can "vamp" her husband, and a furious rage at his evident unfaithfulness. Both as the wife who's as mad as mad can be with the husband she adores, and as the sibilant French seductress, Connie is perfection itself and all that can be desired.

And just in case you should be too exacting—there are the Boswell Sisters and Russ Columbo and several musical numbers. It can't miss.

## BELOVED

Rating: SWEET AND LOVELY—Universal

ONE of the most beautiful and effective love stories ever to be screened. And if the quaint old-fashioned romance of John Boles and Gloria Stuart doesn't get you—then you're completely out of vogue. Handsome John Boles plays a sensitive young musician, born in Vienna, who emigrates to the South in time to take part



John Boles and Gloria Stuart in "Beloved."

in the unfortunate War Between the States. He woos Gloria Stuart, beautiful daughter of an old aristocratic family, with his songs and music and when he returns from the war to find everything devastated and ruined he takes her to New York where he proceeds to teach violin for twenty-five cents a lesson, while he works on his symphony.

Years pass, the world changes, there are defeats, disappointments and triumphs, but always there is John's beautiful love for his wife, the sympathetic and understanding Gloria, and always his persevering loyalty to his symphony that no one buys. His grandson becomes the leading "jazz" composer of New York, and it is through him that John and his symphony are finally "discovered."

Director Schertzing has composed the incidental music for this picture, and his waltz theme will haunt your mind for many a day.

## CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE

 Rating: MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG—  
WHEN UP POPS THE DEVIL—Universal

WELL, it seems that all the really amusing people are going to California by bus this year. On Universal's bus are Lew Ayres, a rich young man about town, who falls for pretty and shapely June Knight and decides to woo her all the way to California. June has fancied herself in love with smooth-talking Alan Dinehart and they are planning to run away together to California, but Alan's wife, Minna Gombell, sort of breaks that up by insisting upon accompanying her spouse.

The bus hasn't reached Poughkeepsie before June finds out that her boy friend is married, and a first class crook besides, so she switches her affections to Lew Ayres. And that brings on a swell murder along about Arizona. Contributing to the comedy, which is really quite sprightly and gay, are Alice White, a little blonde gold-



June Knight and Lew Ayres in "Cross Country Cruise."

digger, who is bumming her way across the country, Eugene Pallette, a self-appointed barker, Robert McWade, a professional grouch, and Henry Armetta, who no speaks a da English and gets lost.

A very amusing comedy up until the time Mr. Dinehart murders Miss Gombell and throws the suspicion on Miss Knight, then it goes melodrama in a big way. June Knight is one of Universal's new "imports" from Broadway—and you'll be seeing her around.



**FUGITIVE LOVERS**

Rating: AN EXCITING TRIP—M-G-M

HERE'S another of the "bus" pictures which you'll be seeing these next few months. There's a regular epidemic of them—and not a serum in sight. On M-G-M's bus is Madge Evans, a beautiful chorine, who sets out for California on the



Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in "Fugitive Lovers."

spur of the moment to shake off the unwelcome attentions of gangster Nat Pendleton, who fancies himself quite a guy with the dames. But Nat catches her and swings on to the California bus himself—though Atlantic City is more in his line.

Ted Healy, a loud-talking and guzzling traveling salesman, and his Stooges, now a vaudeville team, all catch the bus too, and things are right merry until Bob Montgomery escapes in a prison-break and joins the little crew. Of course he and Madge fall in love at first sight, and of course all the police on the Continent start tracking down poor Bob. There are moments when the picture is very exciting and moments when it isn't.

**MAN OF TWO WORLDS**

Rating: ALL HAIL A NEW SCREEN PERSONALITY!—R-K-O

FRANCIS LEDERER, the matinee idol of Europe and Broadway, certainly lives up to his exciting publicity in his first picture. He is a distinct personality, sex, curls, and everything. But his first picture isn't so terribly hot, in fact it's rather cold, with poor Francis all done up in furs as an Eskimo. Now, now we ask you!

The story's about a hunt in the polar regions by an expedition from a London museum. Francis, as the Eskimo, helps them in their research, and they, in turn, make it possible for him to realize his life's ambition—to see "the white man's land." But the poor Eskimo discovers that civilization isn't all it's cracked up to be. Elissa Landi plays the love interest.



Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna in "Man of Two Worlds."

**FLYING DOWN TO RIO**

Rating: ALMOST AN ALTITUDE RECORD—Radio

ANOTHER smash hit among the musicals! And with far better music than most of them have. If you aren't dancing the "Carioca" in the next month or so, you haven't lived or gone places and seen things. It is the most exciting thing since the rhumba—and what rhythm, oh! si señor, what rhythm! The story's about a blonde orchestra leader, Gene Raymond to be sure, who goes for a luscious and bewitching señorita, Dolores del Rio, and thereby loses his job in a swanky Miami hotel. But a friend of his down in Rio gets him a job there, so he and his piccolo boys fly to Rio.



Fred Astaire and Dolores Del Rio in "Flying Down to Rio."

Of course, there are complications—Gene finds the girl of his dreams again, but only to discover that she is engaged to his friend. But don't worry—there's a happy ending. Besides the "Carioca" the high-mark of the picture is the versatile and snappy dancing of Fred Astaire, fresh from the Broadway prosceniums. Ginger Rogers is swell as Fred's wisecracking dancing partner and she puts over a ditty besides. Raoul Roulian, as the Latin friend in need, and Gene Raymond both give excellent performances. And Dolores is more mysteriously beautiful than ever.

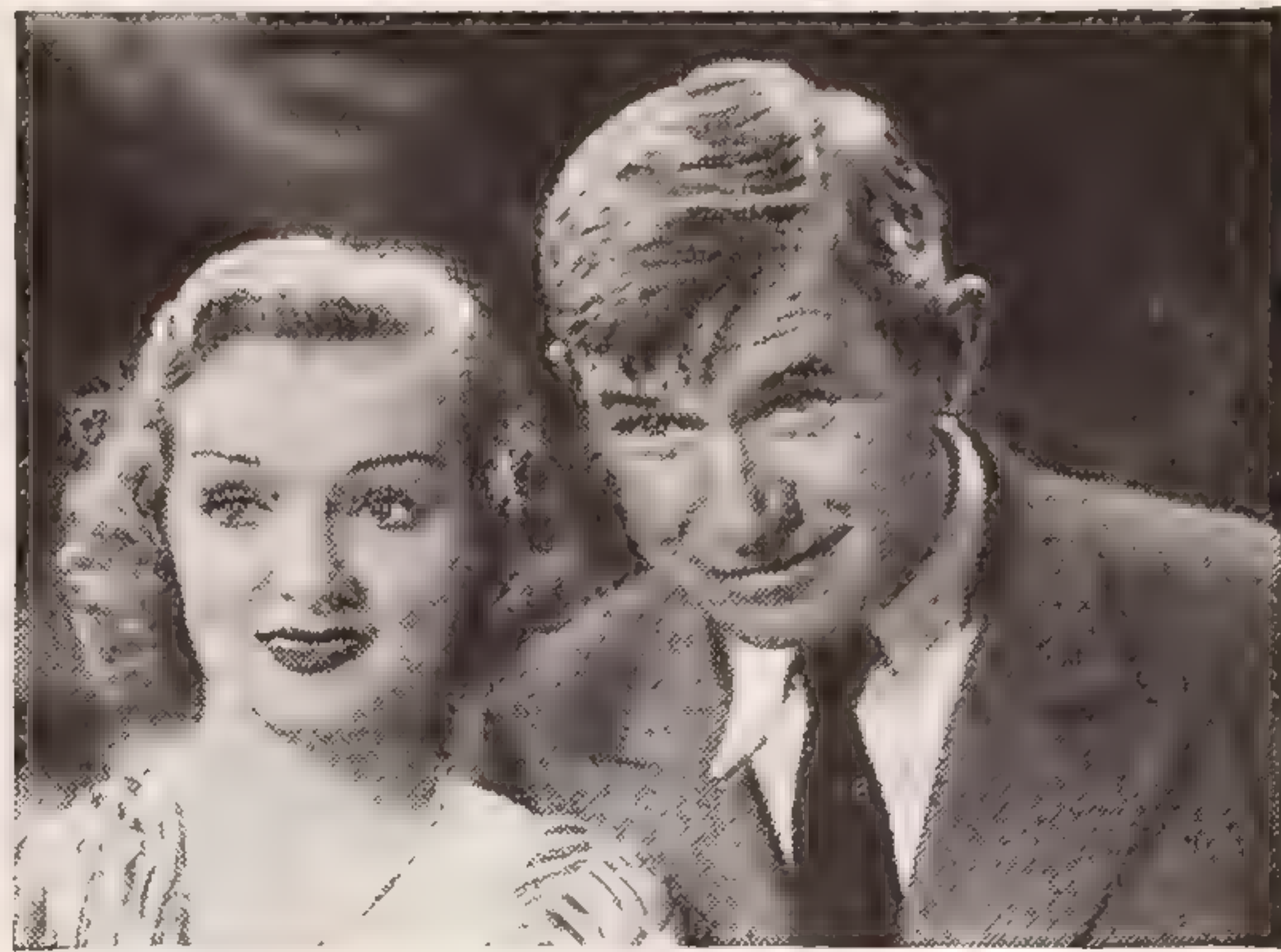
**MR. SKITCH**

Rating: VERY FUNNY—Fox

THE incomparable Will Rogers' newest picture is as wholesome and homey as sweet potato pie. Will plays the papa of the Skitch family, which suddenly finds itself caught in the depression. So Will packs the Missus, ZaSu Pitts, his pretty young daughter, Rochelle Hudson, a couple of know-it-all twins, his young seven year old heir, and the dog into an old model car and starts out to see the West via the auto camps. Every time ZaSu mourns that they've eaten the last bean, Will scampers out and gets a job of sorts, ranging from Grand Canyon guide to waiter at the swanky Calneva in Nevada. All kinds of amusing things happen and you'll be vastly entertained.

Rochelle falls in love with a West Point officer, Charlie Starrett, and pretends that she is a rich girl—as girls will. ZaSu has quite a tussle with the honeybears in Yellowstone Park. And Harry Green, a wealthy Jew from New York traveling for his health, gets involved with the Skitches to add to the comedy. But the big "sur-

prise" of the picture is a young English actress, Florence Desmond, who gives impersonations of the movie stars that will



Florence Desmond and Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch."

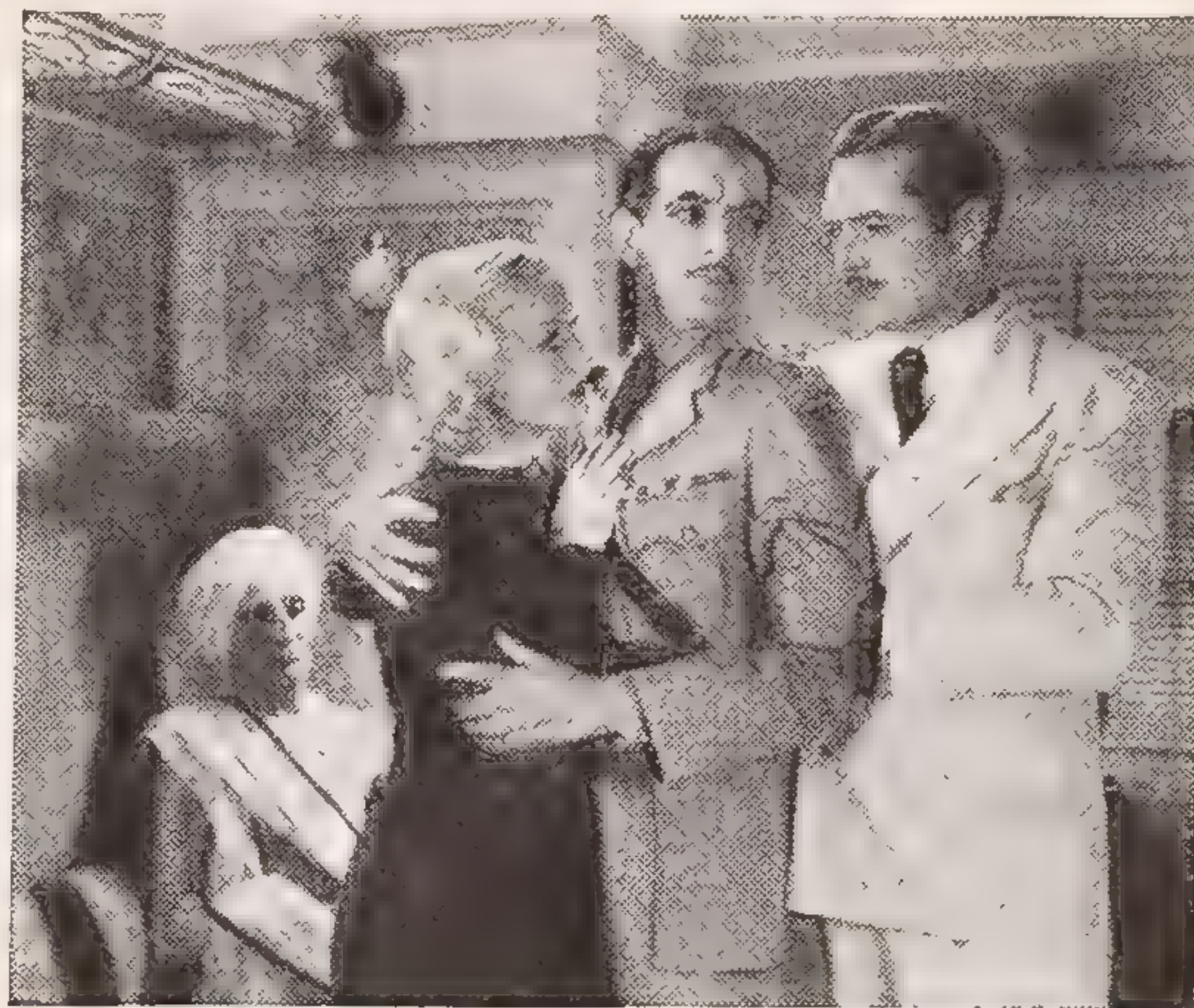
knock your eye out. When she did Katharine Hepburn at the preview of "Mr. Skitch" the audience fairly tore the house down.

You really mustn't miss Will in his latest antics—and the clever Florence Desmond.

**BOMBAY MAIL**

Rating: VERY INTRIGUING—Universal

HERE'S a first class murder mystery that will keep you guessing up until the final five minutes. His Excellency, the Governor General of India (played by Ferdinand Gottschalk), is on his way back to England via the *Bombay Mail*. During the night His Excellency is foully murdered and, of course, everybody on the train is suspected. Inspector Eddie Lowe of the British Secret Service is summoned, and through his canniness is able to solve the mystery in the twenty-four hours before the *Mail* reaches its destination. There



Brandon Hurst, Shirley Grey, Jameson Thomas and Edmund Lowe in "Bombay Mail."

are more weird, mysterious people traveling on that train than you have met up with in a month of Sundays—and every mother's son and daughter of them looks guilty. Among the suspects are Onslow Stevens, Ralph Forbes, Shirley Grey, John Davidson and Hedda Hopper. Lots of excitement and suspense.

**THE LAST ROUND-UP**

Rating: GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIE, GIT ALONG—Paramount

ASWELL western that throws you from one suspense to another. Randy Scott again plays the handsome hero of the wide open spaces who, by a fluke, gets himself involved in a gang of outlaws, called the Border Legion. Monte Blue is the leader of the gang and Fuzzy Knight and Fred Kohler are his *pardners*. Barbara Fritchie, the love interest, is something new in western heroines, and a very tasty eyeful. If you go for westerns you'll go for this one with spurs on.



## NEW PICTURES (Continued)

## EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT

Rating: IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU—Paramount

A VERY slight story but an unusual idea puts this picture into the "atmosphere" class. Some of you may not like the unexciting theme, but at least you'll like the novelty of its presentation. The story revolves around an exclusive girls' school in Switzerland. One of the girls, Dorothy Wilson, has loved not wisely but too well Douglass Montgomery, a poor chemist in the town. When it is discovered that she is going to have a baby the girls all rush to her side and make light of the entire matter. Even the icy athletic instructor,



The crew of "Eight Girls in a Boat."

splendidly played by Kay Johnson, warms up considerably and condones the whole affair. Of course, Douglass Montgomery decides that the fact that she is rich and he is poor shall not interfere with his love, so the young couple are married. You knew they would be all the time.

## GOING HOLLYWOOD

Rating: BING, BANG—HOORAY!—M-G-M

A MARION DAVIES—Bing Crosby—Hollywood—musical picture! What more can you ask? Marion plays a school teacher, who falls in love with Bing's crooning over the radio, and sort of forgets the kiddies' examination papers. When she learns that Bing is going to Hollywood to appear in pictures she manages to catch the same train—but alas, Bing is all hot and bothered about Fifi Dorsay, who's engaged to him, and he can't see Marion for a flock of cinders.




Marion Davies and Stuart Erwin in "Going Hollywood."

The Art of Paul Lukas  
Captures the Spotlight!

But Marion's got determination and their paths keep crossing in the studio and on the sets until Bing finally sees the error of his ways. Bing sings and sings—and you'll love it. Besides the beautiful Marion and the crooning Bing there are Stu Erwin, Ned Sparks, Patsy Kelly and the three Radio Rogues, with their uncanny impersonations, all adding to the fun. Grand entertainment.

## BY CANDLELIGHT

Rating: LANDI LOSES HER DIGNITY—AND WHAT FUN!—Universal

THOUSANDS'LL cheer for Landi after seeing her in this gay, intriguing picture of love and mistaken identities in romantic Monte Carlo. It used to be that every time Elissa appeared on the screen we knew there would be a Problem and a long-suffering lover, and it was all getting too, too depressing when suddenly Universal up and discovered that the little Landi girl is one of our best comedien-  


Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas in "By Candlelight."

She plays the rôle of a Viennese maid who poses as her mistress, a countess, even going so far as to borrow the countess' clothes and the count himself. Elissa proves what a clever actress she is by keeping the character of the maid when she is supposed to be the countess—and she's as bubbling as a glass of champagne, and far more intoxicating.

Handsome Nils Asther plays the prince, who goes in for beautiful women and candlelight, and Paul Lukas is his butler who so ardently admires his master's technique that he can't help but practice it in his master's absence. Of course that brings on difficulties and happy confusion—especially, one night, when Prince Asther comes home unexpectedly, to find Butler Lukas posing as the prince to impress Maid Landi who is posing as a countess with a jealous husband. There is nothing for Nils to do but pose as the butler—and he does with the most hilarious effects.

The dialogue is frothy and it is a very gay picture, guaranteed to put you in a good humor. Esther Ralston is beautiful and charming as one of the Prince's "affairs," and Dorothy Revier is quite lovely as the Countess. Grand entertainment.

## MADAME SPY

Rating: CORKING GOOD—Universal

THOSE spies are with us again. Fascinating people and always so darned good looking. This time Fay Wray plays a beautiful Russian spy with a Greta Garbo bob. When Nils Asther, so so handsome in his Austrian uniform, crashes in his plane, Fay nurses him back to health and they get married. Back in Vienna things begin to happen, especially when Nils' old pals, John Miljan and Edward Arnold of the secret service, show up and after much excitement prove to the infatuated Nils that he has married a famous Russian spy.



Fay Wray and Nils Asther in "Madame Spy."

Then the tables turn and Nils shows up in Moscow on a little spying job for Austria and, of course, the first person he sees at the Court is Fay. Intrigue upon intrigue, and all kinds of secret codes and things. But Fay's heart isn't in her spying any more—she has fallen desperately in love with her former husband. Of course she saves him when all of Russia is on his heels and there's a happy ending. A corking good spy story.

## THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN

Rating: AND NOT VERY FUNNY  
EITHER—R-K-O

THE best comedians in town—look 'em over: ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Gleason, El Brendel, Pert Kelton and Skeets Gallagher. But such a weak story and flock of old gags that they have a hard time keeping body and soul together. ZaSu plays the



El Brendel and ZaSu Pitts in "The Meanest Gal in Town."

owner of a small town's Emporium and El Brendel is the local barber who's in love with her. Pert Kelton's a stranded show girl and Jimmy Gleason's a man about town.

A "hit" picture starts a "trend," a "trend" leads into a "cycle," yet always there is novelty and surprise. "The Little Women" wave is passing and the "Queens" have arrived, leaving the "Gay Nineties" only a memory.



# MORE GOSSIP

Whispers Are  
Little Daggers.

**T**HOSE Queer Things That Happen Department: Two years ago Margaret Sullavan, who became a star overnight after "Only Yesterday," took a test for Paramount and was given both turned down thumbs and cold shoulders. Now Universal, who "discovered" her, laughs while Paramount is gritting its teeth.

And a year and a few months ago, a young actor named Franchot Tone had the New York critics raving about his performance in "Success Story" on Broadway. Franchot was signed by Metro and went to Hollywood and got himself engaged to Joan Crawford. And now "Success Story" has been bought for pictures and goes into production with young Douglas Fairbanks Jr. It's all in the family.

**I**S THAT old Swedish reserve breaking down? Is the thaw setting in? Is Garbo going to turn out to be flesh and blood after all? It seems that she really does have human impulses now and then. And one of them came the other night when she actually drove out to Pasadena and attended her own preview! Yes, sir, you could have touched her with your own little pinky! And furthermore, you could have knocked the unsuspecting publicity people over with a flamingo (Hi—there—Alice in Wonderland!) But life has its little ironies. "Queen Christina" ran one reel—let out a couple of snorts and hisses—and completely broke down. And poor Garbo had to go home without getting that famous public reaction.



Ned Sparks, bright and gay cinema actor. He's the very Spirit of the Depression.



HERBERT MUNDIN FLORENCE DESMOND HEATHER ANGEL

**FIRST STILL** from the new musical "Fox Follies."

Florence Desmond's impersonations of Hollywood stars bring down the house—especially is her Katharine Hepburn splendid.

Florence goes mostly with the English crowd in Hollywood, except for Ted Fio Rita, the famous orchestra leader. She and Ted planned to elope one night in Hollywood, but got lost in a fog on the way to the airport and changed their minds. Yuma never saw them.

**T**HE Garbo-Mamoulian romance seems to develop steadily. The two have been spotted lunching at the Ambassador and dining at the Russian Eagle quite often lately.

**T**HOSE bad boy writers from the East, Gene Fowler and Ben Hecht, must have taken "Once in a Lifetime" a little too seriously. When they were given an office at Metro they promptly put very hot art studies on their walls, and hired a beautiful blonde secretary whose job was to *take no dictation, answer no phone calls and receive no callers!* But their fun didn't last long. Louis B. Mayer heard about it.

**U**NA MERKEL says it's bad enough to receive uncomplimentary reviews on your own pictures—but it's expecting a little too much of an actress to have to take it on the chin for someone else. In a recent review of "The Way to Love," with Maurice Chevalier, the critic of *Vanity Fair* remarks "what with knives suddenly hurtling through the air, Una Merkle shivering with hysterics, and Chevalier mooning about his ambition, 'The Way to Love' looked like a production from the joint studios of Rene Clair and Mack Sennett."

So Una sent a wire which read: "I spell it Merkel and besides I wasn't in the picture."

**L**A TASHMAN is about the most inveterate reader in Hollywood. She never sleeps more than four hours a night and spends the rest of the time reading.

**K**ING VIDOR says he has at last discovered truth in advertising. Driving through San Diego recently he saw this sign over the theatre: MAE WEST—I'M NO ANGLE.

**J**OAN CRAWFORD has had a new library added to her home in Brentwood. It's done in knotty pine and quite beautiful—but there's a white rug! What will the book worms say when they see that white rug!

**H**OW to acquire poise and confidence? Irene Dunne says that bashful girls should wear high-heeled shoes.

**W**HEN an actress turns down a chance to star in a brilliant London production—all because of a man—it must be love. So, guess the Teasdale-Menjou romance is the real McCoy. Verree received a most flattering offer to star in "The Human Element," which will open in London in the near future, but she turned it down cold.

"I can't do it," she told Zoe Akins who fashioned the play from Somerset Maugham's story. "Any other year I'd have simply jumped at the chance. But I happen to be very much in love—and the gentleman involved has to remain in Hollywood. And so shall I."

**D**EAR me, how those Hollywood kiddies do put on airs. If you haven't been snubbed by somebody's precocious four-year-old you really haven't lived. It's Mrs. Pat Campbell, the famous English actress, who's laughing now over the recent ritz she got from young Irving Thalberg, Jr. Young Irving, who celebrated his third birthday in August, was visiting the "Rip Tide" set to see Mama Shearer act. After the "take" Norma very proudly introduced her young son to Mrs. Campbell.

"And what is your name, my little man?" Mrs. Campbell inquired politely.

"Mr. Thalberg," Irving Junior informed her.

**M**ADELINE FIELDS, the voice of Carole Lombard, is this department's favorite when it comes to screen stars' secretaries. Whenever you call her, she says "No"—just like that. When I called the other day, before I could even say a good hello, Madeline shouted, "Whatever you want, No. Miss Lombard dislikes publicity, she can't bear to see her name in print. She particularly dislikes fan magazine interviews. The answer is No to everything. Well—when do you want to see her? Can you come over right away?"



## Clicked Twice [Continued from page 17]

was suited to pictures, and persuasion couldn't convince him otherwise. He raced about wildly, attempting to silence the nagging voice which told him that the things he was doing were pretty futile—that his place was on the stage and that the films weren't for him.

He took a plane that night, and it seemed that one of the most promising screen careers of the decade had terminated. Certainly that was the way it looked when, months later, I went down from New York to catch him in a show in Philadelphia. I found him in a blaze of energy and playing to delighted crowds. The stage-door alley was packed with autograph seekers.

"Isn't it great!" he exclaimed when we were back at the hotel. "This is something pictures can't give—this keyed-up feeling that you get from an audience in the flesh."

"But those girls," I pointed out, "weren't hanging around to get a look at the Theatre Guild's pride and grief. They wanted to see the guy who played in 'Paid' and 'Five and Ten' and 'Waterloo Bridge.' Or am I being coarse?"

His face clouded and I saw that despite his exuberance he had had the same thought. The general release of his pictures, particularly the last ones—"Waterloo Bridge" and "A House Divided," in which he had found his best camera angles—had shown clearly that he was wrong in his belief that he was not a screen type. Yet, despite the clamor for his services in Hollywood, he continued on in an undistinguished season in New York.

Returning to his Pasadena home for a summer vacation, he kept stoutly to his position of passing up the films. Unable to remain idle, he played a few weeks with the Pasadena Community Theatre, and once more was off for New York.

"Maybe I'm a fool," he told me just before he left. "Things look bad back on Broadway, and Heaven knows the movie money wouldn't be unwelcome. And, then, it looks more and more all the time as if pictures are becoming the theatre of today. But I don't mind being broke if I can do the sort of things I like. No salary is large enough to make a dull rôle attractive—and it's only those awfully stupid straight parts that I've been offered here."

Back in the Big Town he appeared in two plays, "Men Must Fight" and "American Dream." Both were marked down on the theatrical scoreboard as flops, and while they gave Doug the satisfaction of rôles into which he really could set his teeth, they

were woefully neglectful of his bank account.

There is a general understanding that Doug is independently wealthy, an idea fostered by his spendthrift ways. But he is not moneyed—he has the same financial troubles which beset most of us. And often more so, due to the extravagance of his habits.

"I can't help it," he admits blythely. "I've never been able to feel that money isn't a whole lot more fun to spend than to keep. I like good luggage and clothes and fine wines; I like to live well. If it keeps me broke in doing so, all right. Ever stop to think that that's a swell way to keep young?"

Getting poor by spending is doubtless a pleasanter task than being so from scratch, but broke or not Doug is not one to take unwelcome work merely to obtain the w.k. root of all evil. Instead of taking picture offers in the East, he once more returned to Pasadena for summer stock—this time to repeat his New York and London hit in "Volpone."

Again, impressed by his performance, the picture men approached him. We were swimming one afternoon when he suddenly went down to the bottom of the pool and stayed there for a long time. "Maybe he's sulking," Tommy Wanamaker suggested. But pretty soon he came up with the worried look which means he's been thinking.

"Ah," we jeered, "effect shot of a Young Man with a Problem."

"No problem," he said. "Just a kind of feeling that maybe I'm a chump for the ages. I was offered another contract this morning—another long-term. That makes two. For five years. Five years! Good God, imagine being tied to a place for that long, having to do any rôle shoved at you! Any wonder that I told them to go stick—"

He jumped back in the water and stayed under for so long that we were talking over dynamiting for the body when he came plunging back out. "If they'd only let you pick your spots!" he yelled. "But they won't—want to have you sewed up so they'll benefit too if you click in a good rôle. So they insist you sign a term before they pass out the plum. Can't blame 'em, I suppose—but it's surely tough on people who hate restrictions, being tied up to one company."

One of Doug's few delusions is that he has a fine singing voice. Suddenly he began to bray a ditty about the blues being all around his bed. Wanamaker and I

went and hid in the water. When we came out Doug was balancing a highball glass on his forehead. "Guess it's about time to be making a start back East to see what's what on Broadway."

"There's a broken manager for every light on Times Square," I pointed out. "You're like the guy who searched all over the world for diamonds, never looking for them where they were—in his own backyard."

"Maybe. Hollywood is my backyard, true enough, and certainly the diamonds are here. Looks like it's just a matter of us not being able to get together on a friendly basis."

And then suddenly that happy condition arrived. Although not signed to one of the hated long-termers, Doug was given the part of Laurie opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women." When the picture was finished and the raves over, his work echoed so loudly that they were heard down the street at Paramount. Whereupon he got the only male rôle in the fascinating special, "Eight Girls in a Boat." Now RKO-Radio wants him back for one of those super-super things. Which may show that diamonds yield themselves gracefully when the proper time comes.

I said so the other afternoon as we sat immersed in a philosophical speakeasy glow. "Very nifty," he answered, "and it's also nice to be on the receiving end of some checks again—but I don't know. Actually I'm just as uncertain as to what the score is as I ever was."

"I've got to keep going. My work is my life, and to get static in it would be fatal. A lot of people think I'm screwy, but I think there are a few of you who understand that in my own way I'm trying to be true to myself. And that's the important thing. It's killing to be a square peg in a round hole—and I don't know yet if this is my racket. I'm beginning to believe that it is, and that perhaps I've been mistaken in keeping away from it as long as I have."

"Yet that's nothing new for me. I've made mistakes all my life, fallen down and got up and gone on. I remember some lines about mistakes that I once read: 'But that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther . . . and one fine morning—'

"That's it! To keep on trying—because after all it's the search that's the kick of life, and not the rewards!"

Which explains perhaps why Douglass Montgomery has the distinction of being "The Star Who Clicked Twice."

## Rip Tide [Continued from page 15]

you know it very well."

Mrs. Pat, whose acidulous remarks to the screen's "great" made dinner conversation in the past, hasn't been quite so verbose this trip—so far. Though she did tell Lilyan Tashman off at a recent party. Lil arrived wearing one of her smart creations from New York, and all the ladies were gurgling over it and admiring the birds of paradise that swept over the face. Mrs. Pat stood it as long as she could. "My dear," she said at last, "you look exactly like an English sheep dog in that extraordinary hat."

Mrs. Pat didn't have to work that morning, but she thought it wouldn't hurt to drop around and talk to Director Goulding again about the possibility of getting little Moonbeam a part in the picture. Little Moonbeam (not to be confused with Moonyeen, the lady who got herself killed in "Smilin' Thru") is a white Pekingese who played with Mrs. Pat on the New York stage in "The Party," and he is quite stage

struck. In fact, as Mrs. Pat informed Eddie, he is pouting with Metro because he hasn't been allowed to act in any of their pictures.

Well, I don't know whether Moonbeam got the job or not, but I do know that his fond mistress has a trust fund for him, and if she dies first he is to be kept in choice bones for the rest of his life. While Mrs. Pat argued it out with the director over her darling's prowess before the camera, I moved over to Lil Tashman's dressing room. Lil was supposed to be learning lines for her next scene where, as Norma's sister, she crashes a sedate English party stinking drunk. But learning lines to Lil is only a matter of seconds. She glances at the script for two seconds, then talks to ten different people on ten different subjects for an hour or so, and then arrives on the set letter perfect in her dialogue.

This is the first time that Lil has worked on the Metro lot since she and Norma played together in "The Trial of Mary

Dugan," which was one of Metro's first talkies. She's an ardent Shearer fan and thinks that Norma is the best dressed of the screen stars—which always makes Norma laugh—and makes me laugh, too, when I think of the bare feet and the fog in her hair.

Also, for the first time, La Tashman is wearing gowns designed by Adrian, and the studio is still gasping over her comments on a little tri-cornered creation Adrian whipped up for the Tashman head. "That," said Lil, "is too extreme." Which is the first time that Tashman has even admitted her limitations.

Because of the daring style innovations of Norma's elaborate wardrobe in this picture, the studio has given orders that no full length "still" be made of her for publication until after the release of the picture. Isn't that exciting? I hear that what Adrian has done to the silhouette is something that will change your life. Can you wait!



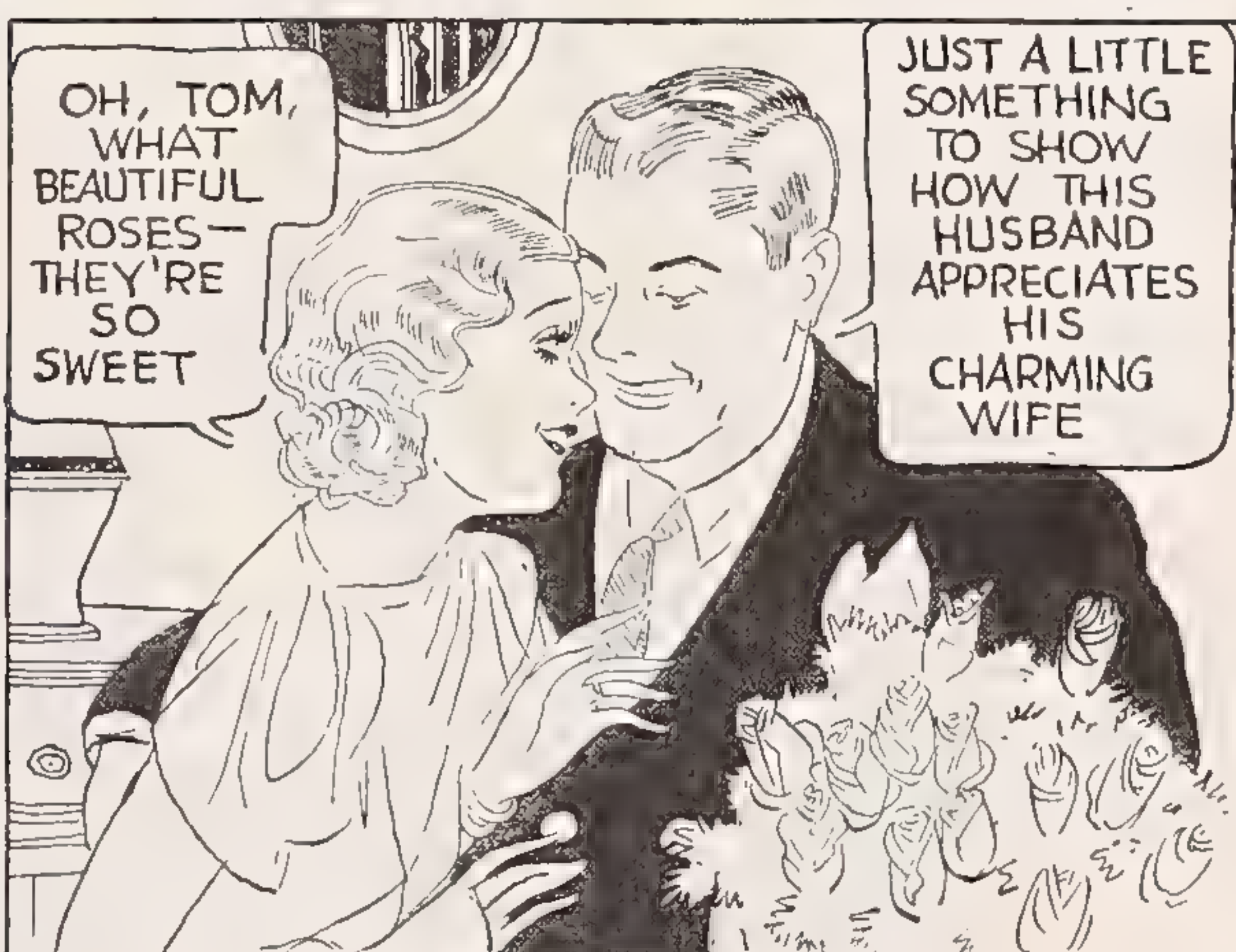
"What's  
the  
use"



This young  
wife  
thought  
romance  
had fled—  
UNTIL...



AND  
SOON  
TOM'S  
ATTITUDE  
CHANGES



## AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor — *protect daintiness this easy way..*

No girl need *ever* be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away *completely* and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

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Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors



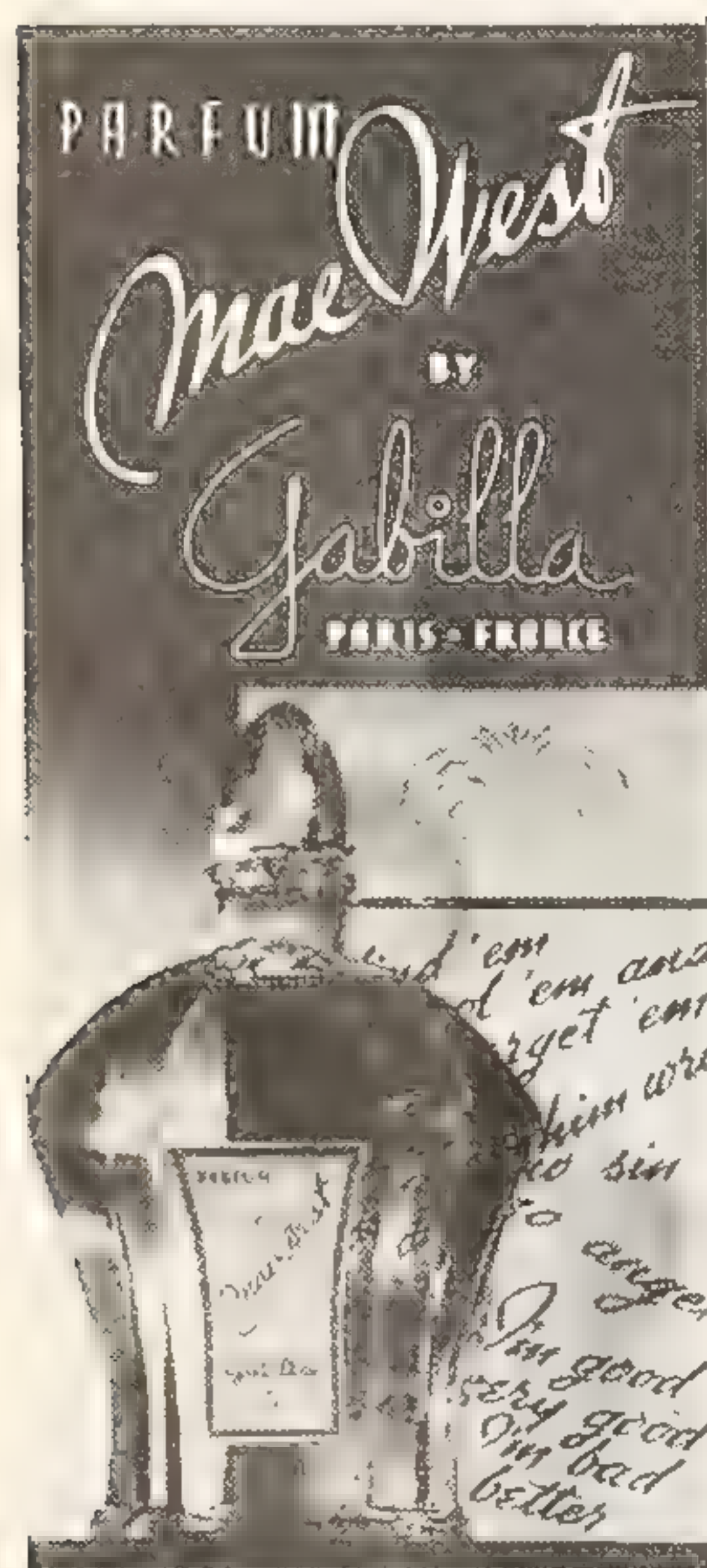


## I'm in Love [Continued from page 16]



"When a man takes three years to pop the question, it's time for action . . . and action is one thing at which I'm an expert. I find that once a member of the male sex gets a whiff of that scent Gabilla blended for me—he begins to forget his ten reasons for remaining a bachelor."

Now you, too, can use PARFUM MAE WEST by Gabilla of Paris. You can enjoy that strange fascination which is Mae West's. PARFUM MAE WEST is loaded with lure . . . dripping with sex appeal. A few drops behind your ears—and it's all over but the wedding march!



PARFUM MAE WEST is now available at your favorite drug or department store—priced from 65c to \$25 per bottle. Better not lose any time. Some one else might start working on him with PARFUM MAE WEST.

If your favorite store cannot supply you, order from us direct, using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65c in stamps for 1 dram size—\$1.00 for 1/4 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order.

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Enclosed find ( ) 65c. ( ) 1.00

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NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement—this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

"Thank goodness, that's over," Myrna said at last, wrapping up the dismantled fashion sitting and giving it to a boy to return to the studio. "Let's talk. I always get fearfully embarrassed at interviews. You ask me questions and I'll answer—maybe," and Myrna laughed and gave her eyelashes a swish and I knew darned well that I could ask questions until the cows came home and that that sly little minx would trick me out of my answers.

"Yes, there've been a lot of complaints about you," I said. "You've been in Hollywood in pictures since 1925 but there is less known about you than any other star. No gossip, no rumors, no hits, no runs, no fun." Without any air of mystery about her—Myrna has never refused an interview, dodged down a side alley, or worn dark colored glasses—she is the most mysterious person in Hollywood today—not even excepting Miss Gustafson. When the day's work at the studio is done, very few people know what Myrna does, says, or thinks.

"But," I continued, "in your own quiet way you have suddenly blossomed forth during this last year into one of the Most Important People on the Screen. How come? Metro, with all its Shearers and Crawfords and Harlows, suddenly discovers that you have more glamour than a Christmas present from Tiffany's, and they write you up a new contract with a lift in salary, and go out scouting for stories for you—instead of giving you those little scripts lying around that no one else wanted. How's about it? What's this new high in Loys?"

"I think my change during the last year," said Myrna seriously, "may have been caused by two things. First, I am really seriously honest-to-goodness in love. And second, after all these years of floundering around and taking what the gods and the casting offices threw my way, I have at last gotten complete confidence in myself and know what I want and where I am going. I have a definite ambition now. And I know that my real personality does photograph on the screen. If you only knew how many sleepless nights I have spent worrying over that—worrying because every studio in Hollywood thought only of me as a weird exotic with taped eyes and wandering brows, and I played so many Eurasian half-castes that I began to wonder if I really did have a personality that would photograph after all. I did so want to be me. After 'Animal Kingdom,' 'When Ladies Meet' and 'The Prizefighter and the Lady' I knew I was a personality,

not a type any longer. Gosh, it has made a difference in my outlook on life."

"Wait—wait a minute," I stammered, "You're in love? And it hasn't been smeared all over the newspapers and low-down columns? Wonder woman—how do you do it?"

Myrna gave another one of her fascinating giggles. And swooped those lashes again and I knew right well that two hours from now I would still be as vague about her "love life" as Alice Brady in a pea soup fog.

"I'd rather not give you the name of the man" (Yes, I was afraid of that), Myrna said. She gave a sly smile. "Of course, out of fairness, I can't say that I owe everything to him, for there were three men before him who managed to see through darkest Africa and realize that I wasn't just a native girl with a good figure. And believe me, I am certainly indebted to them.

"It seems Mr. Griffith had been assigned to direct Ina Claire in 'Rebound,' and he and the Pathe executives were looking every place for a girl to play the part of Evie. They had tested a lot of people and had resorted to looking at some old film just for ideas. 'Oh dear God,' Mr. Griffith said, 'please send us Little Evie.' And that night he saw me doing the usual half-caste in a film and sent for me to take a test for Little Evie. The next day Mr. Griffith sent for me and I played Little Evie—a nasty little snob from the social register—but thank goodness, not a half-caste. It was after 'Rebound' that Director Griffith called me 'glamorous' and told me: 'You can do what Mary Astor has done. Go out and get yourself a big contract.'

"But I didn't—right away. Mr. Mamouliau was another director who helped me to gain confidence in myself. I learned that he insisted upon me for the Chevalier picture 'Love Me Tonight,' though the Paramount studio didn't want to pay my salary for such a small part. I wasn't so keen about the small part myself—but at least it allowed me to wear modish clothes and speak English, so I took it and Mr. Mamouliau everyday would hand me a little blue slip of paper, which meant I had more and more lines to say. He encouraged me when I most needed it."

It was late. The telephone was ringing. I had to go. I think Myrna Loy is a swell person. I would like to know some of those thoughts that go on behind those swooping eyelashes—but I presume this is all I'll get out of old Mona Lisa Myrna.



Wide World

A welcome home party for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Left to right, M. C. Levee, Doug's agent, Gloria Swanson, Doug Jr., Mrs. Fredric March and Harold Lloyd. In the rear are Fredric March and Michael Farmer, Gloria Swanson's husband.



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CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS  
or SORE TOES"**

*Says* **DR. SCHOLL**

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For Corns—Sore Toes



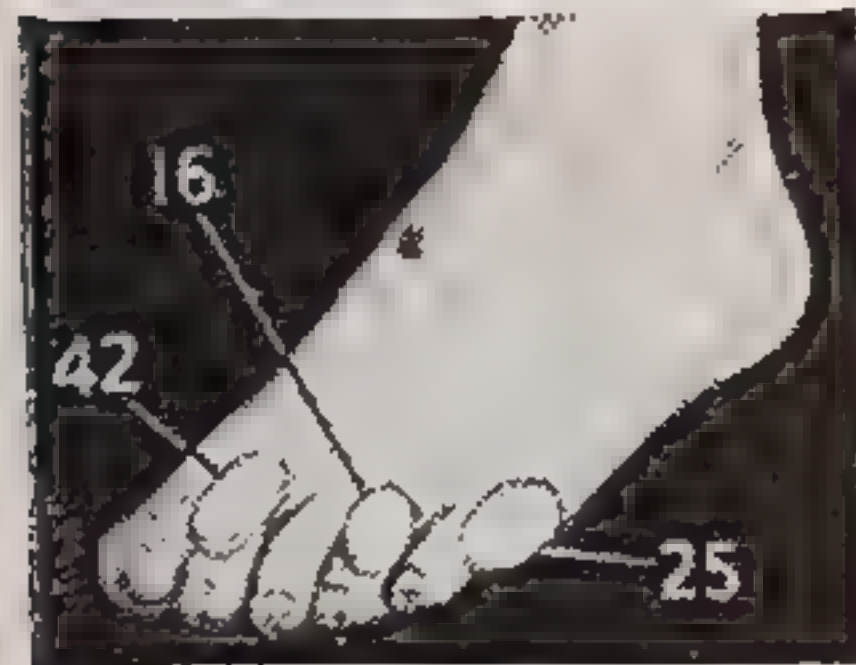
For Callouses



For Bunions



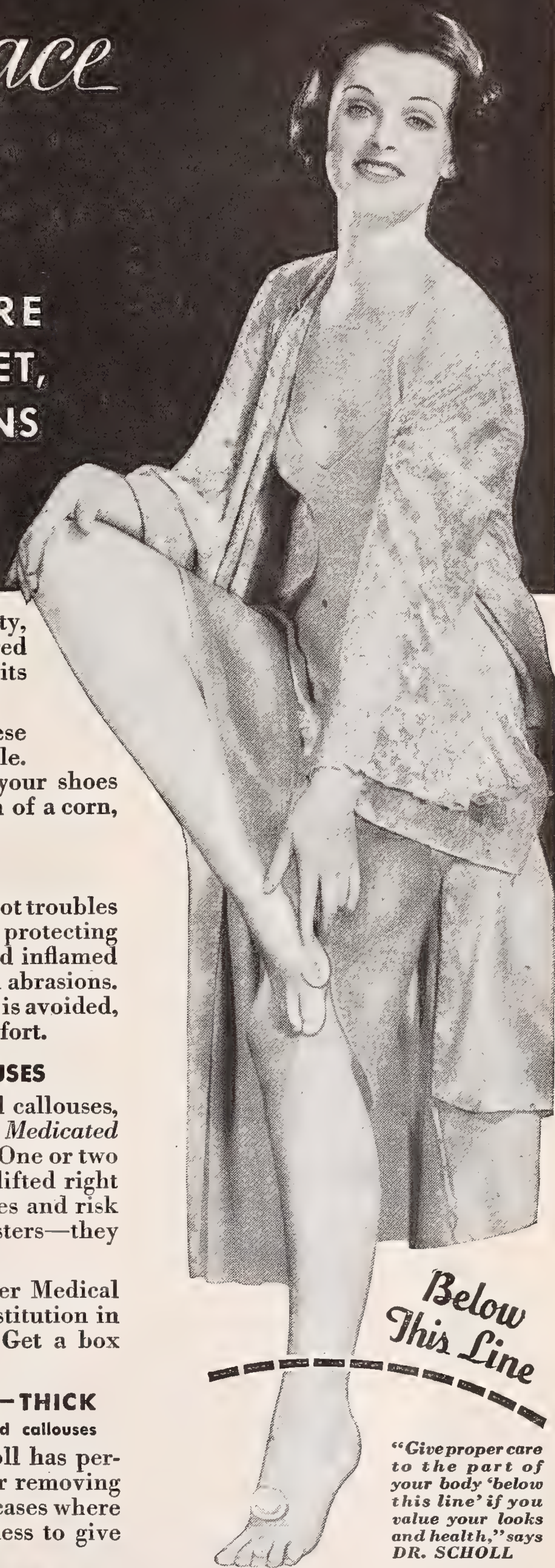
For Soft Corns



42 for Hammer Toe  
16 for Thick Corns  
25 for Tender Joint  
Behind Little Toe.



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to the part of  
your body 'below  
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value your looks  
and health," says  
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## "Design For Starring" [Continued from page 27]

claimed briskly. "It's good for a child to grow up and be able to call one special place 'home.'"

Michael, lest you forget, is Miriam's adopted boy and she's simply crazy about him. He came in from his morning romp in Central Park (in spite of the icy temperature), while we were having breakfast. Although he's just twenty months old, you could not, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, call him a baby . . . not in these modern days of child-expression. He's really the most adorable fair-haired little boy, with sturdy legs still brown from the hot California sunshine, and with deep-set dark blue eyes that are forever crinkling with inner laughter. Up upon his mother's bed he climbed like a cute little puppy dog, gurgling with glee over his own prowess, his eyes fairly eating up the fruit and toast on Miriam's half-finished breakfast tray.

"I shouldn't give him anything," she admonished herself sternly, "Miss Nathan would be furious (Miss Nathan is Michael's nurse, and a graduate dietitian to boot), but, like all mothers, she couldn't resist Michael's gurgling demands and fed him just the tiniest bit of toast. 'He loves his food,' she murmured proudly. 'He even asks for more spinach.' Which makes little Michael Hopkins something of a phenomenon in the world of children . . . or doesn't it?"

The question whether she would like Michael to follow the theatrical profession when he grows up brought a protest from Miriam. "I want him to follow his own bent. Just now he seems to get a tremendous pleasure picking notes out on the piano. So in about six months I'm planning to have him take piano lessons. They have new teaching methods these days," she added, smiling wryly as we exchanged horrid reminiscences of our own piano-practicing days. "Michael may turn out to be an infant Mozart," she laughed, while she punched his little chest and back lovingly, treating him just as if he were a little punching bag.

With Michael back in his own room having luncheon, the phones started to buzz again, and I gathered that on the following day Miriam was moving from her luxurious hotel suite, to a furnished pent house apartment on East 79th Street.

"The terrace," I ventured, "will be lovely

for Michael."

She agreed, and added, "But Michael won't give up Central Park altogether. He adores playing with the children there."

"I wish you could see that apartment," she confided. "It's too, too divine. And it faces South and East. Plenty of sun and warmth. This suite here is really lovely but, as you see, it faces North and West. Brrr! The wind just howls across the Park these cold nights!"

"There's a marvelous living-room, leading out onto the terrace in my new place. The owner left some original Degas and Manet paintings on the wall and I'm so pleased I could shout! But, best of all, there's an open fireplace. It will be heavenly to sit in front of it on cold evenings and chat over tea and cocktails, or just read and dream."

Miriam has already lived in three different places since she came to New York early in December. She came first to the Pierre, then, tiring of hotel living, moved to a magnificent five-story English basement dwelling on East 63rd Street. A corps of servants was hired, charge accounts opened at the stationer's, the laundry, the market, etc., etc. But, after two weeks, Miriam decided that she wanted to move again. The reason doesn't matter. Call it a whim, a fancy, if you like, but when the urge came to get going once more, Miriam "got going." She came back to the Pierre, but in another suite, hung up at the windows the type of curtains that she adores (bright, cheerful ones that draw together magically with a pull of the string and shut out the dark, unfriendly night) and ordered the private phone, which she can't do without, installed.

"I'm ashamed to call up the telephone company and ask them to put in another phone for me in my new apartment," she murmured contritely, suiting the action to the words. "I wish I could just give them a change of name instead of a change of address. It would be easier." (Note: I don't believe she was a bit contrite, the little minx, but she felt she ought to be.)

"I once read that you collected first editions of rare books," I remarked during one of the brief pauses between phone calls.

"Not any more," answered Miriam with a definite shake of her blonde head. "It was far too expensive. At any rate, when I found that the hobby was becoming al-

most an obsession, I stopped it short. Why, when I was earning \$350.00 a week on the New York stage, I used to spend the entire sum on one book. I've given away almost the whole collection, so as not to be tempted again. Now I buy books, of course, but just those I want to read. I still like them attractively bound and printed, but they don't have to be first editions.

To describe Miriam's glowing personality best, taking some of the parts she has played in pictures as a medium, two rôles come to mind almost at once. . . . (She is not at all like the torch singer who met such a tragic end in "Twenty-four Hours," nor is she, even in the most remote sense, anything resembling that pathetic character which she played in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.") But, when she spoke of her yearning for a permanent home in Santa Monica, with the eternal miracle of the majestic mountains almost at her back door, and the restless, surging Pacific at her front, she was the living prototype of Louise in "The Stranger's Return," the girl who was drawn back to the soil by an intangible power that she had no wish to control.

However, the rôle of Gilda in "Design for Living," is more nearly Miriam than anything else that I can think of. Gilda proclaimed herself "Mother of the Arts." Well, Miriam is just that. Her dearest friends, both in Hollywood and New York, are numbered among writers, artists and musicians. Two of the very fine sketches on the walls of her apartment in the hotel were done, she admitted "by a young artist in California. That's a splendid sketch he's done of Michael. He shows great promise. I mean to help him, if I can."

While I was there that morning, one of the artiest publishers in New York called her up asking for a criticism of several books he had left with her a few days before. And Miriam proceeded to tell him quite decisively why she thought certain ones would be suitable for republication.

Just like Gilda, Miriam loves small chatty dinner parties. Big parties leave her vaguely depressed. She adores mixing small groups of people—writers, artists, musicians, actors, a dash of society and a sprinkling of men and women in less æsthetic professions. All together these people make an intoxicating conversational cocktail. In any event, they would if Miriam handled the cocktail shaker.

## Some Grow—Some Swell

[Continued from page 19]

if I may use the phrase. Mr. Bancroft got to be a very big star, but he wasn't ever really quite as big as he thought he was. I think Mr. Bancroft's end came in Hollywood when the story was circulated that his wife said she couldn't just wake him in the morning—she had to carry in a bowl full of roses or carnations and hold them close to his august nose, and allow him to come to gently in their fragrance. Maybe the story isn't true—but it had wide publicity and it did typify the Bancroft attitude toward life.

Franchot Tone—in spite of being the constant companion of Miss Joan Crawford, who has swelled considerable at times, appears to be growing rapidly. Everybody in his own studio, and all the other studios, likes him. He takes his work very seriously. He is intensely pleased with good notices. He wants to be a better actor, which is quite astounding, because Mr. Tone is a much better actor than most people now,

and might well be satisfied with himself.

In my opinion, no one in pictures has grown so much as Jean Harlow. The platinum blonde, who became famous because of her looks and her sex appeal, works harder than anybody else on the M-G-M lot. On the 'phone, the other day, I said to her: "Jean, you're becoming a very fine actress in spite of everybody." She chuckled. "I'll get there or die trying," she said. And by "get there" she didn't mean to stardom, which she has, to fame, which is certainly hers, to big salaries. She meant to the goal which she has set for herself. The goal of really fine artistry.

"People have been so good to me," she told me, once, "and they come to see my pictures and they applaud—and it makes me cry. But I want to be so much better than I am now—I want to be a really fine actress, so that when my platinum hair sort of fades, they'll come to see me for my work. I'd rather be an actress like Marie

Dressler, and have people love me as they do her, and be able to give the performances she does, than anything else in the world. And I get enough encouragement all the time to keep at it."

Richard Dix has a sense of humor that keeps him sane.

Fredric March always strikes you as an actor, hot or cold, on or off—but a pleasant actor in both instances.

Janet Gaynor—Garbo—Norma Shearer—they have all grown steadily, with appreciation, with understanding, and with a certain amount of humbleness in the face of their fame.

Perhaps the woman, outside of Dressler, who has grown most in the years, is Marion Davies. There is no one so kind, so thoughtful, so altogether lovely, as Marion. Her shyness is still her greatest charm. Perhaps that's why she continues to be one of our greatest and most enduring stars either in Hollywood or on Broadway.



# THERE IS ONLY ONE Dorothea Wieck

[Continued from page 47]

At fourteen she was entered, at the urging of Klabund, in the Academy of Hellerau, where she studied dancing and music. When she was sixteen some of her fellow students made a trip to Vienna, where Max Reinhardt had his Josephstadter Theater. Unknown to her family the young Dorothea accompanied them with the secret hope and ambition of winning a place under the great Reinhardt aegis.

She managed to obtain an interview with the master and he had her read for him passages from Ibsen's "Wild Duck." In her nervousness she forgot many of the lines, but, like the true artist that she was, even then she ad-libbed, improvising in her own style and giving her own individual interpretation. When she finished she was utterly crushed, convinced that a great student of the theater like Reinhardt would have only contempt for a novice who couldn't even remember her lines. As a matter of fact it was that inspired improvisation of hers which won Reinhardt, and he gave her a contract. Her family's first inkling of her whereabouts was when their precocious sixteen-year-old informed them that the famous Reinhardt had signed her to appear under his banner.

At the end of six months she went with the Civic Theater in Falkenburg, Munich, feeling that she would have a field of wider opportunity there. Arbitrarily she cancelled her contract with Reinhardt with that same refusal to let anything stand in the way of her career which characterizes her now. Gently Reinhardt reproached the wilful seventeen-year-old for breaking her agreement—but he let her go without interference. Undoubtedly he understood the girl's passionate devotion to her purpose, which made her blind at times to all ties and allegiances—to everything which might lead her footsteps aside from the single path which she had chosen.

When she was just short of eighteen she got her first break in pictures. She was signed to a two year contract by the Emelka studio in Munich, and made twelve silent films for them. Twelve films which came dangerously close to ruining her opportunities of ever becoming a significant emotional actress.

For in those twelve pictures the dark, fragile Dorothea, whose sensitive, reserved beauty suggests infinite concealed depths of passion and compassion, was a vacuous blonde ingenue! And all because a director had the inspiration that a blonde wig would "brighten" up her subtle, repressed loveliness.

He brightened Dorothea up so successfully that a goodly part of the fans of Europe associated her thereafter with sweet, naive, innocuous rôles and she enjoyed an insignificant popularity as a pleasantly unobtrusive leading lady.

Dorothea stood it just so long and then decided that that blonde wig was suffocating everything that was really vital in her. She returned to the little Civic Theater in Munich, accepting a contract later from the Frankfort Schauspielhaus, where she entered on an entirely new phase of her career. In Frankfort she had a chance to play everything from Shakespeare to ultra-modern and sophisticated French farce.

## Is your hair **TOO DRY** or **TOO OILY** to train in these **New Hollywood Styles?**



Here is the coronet coiffure introduced to America by a glamorous screen star. A loose twist of hair crowns the head, its ends lost in curls over the ears. The charm of its skein-silk contour would be destroyed by fly-away ends of dry, harsh hair. To help dry hair, use the Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment below.

### Help for **DRY** hair:

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

**PACKER'S**  
**OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO**  
for **DRY** hair



Another Hollywood star parts her hair an inch to the right above a long bang and draws wide, soft waves like a satin cap into the neck-line. The revealing simplicity of this style should not be attempted with oily, stringy hair. Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment (given below) helps to correct too-oily hair.

### To correct **OILY** hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

**PACKER'S**  
**PINE TAR SHAMPOO**  
for **OILY** hair





Ashamed of your looks?  
Sallow Skin?  
Blemishes? Headaches?



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**D**ULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves

and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

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The experience was invaluable and all the varied training of those months came to Dorothea's aid when she finally got her great chance—the opportunity to play Fraulein Von Bernburg in "Maedchen in Uniform."

It's doubtful if anyone could have brought more understanding, restrained emotion, and pure beauty to the rôle of Fraulein Von Bernburg than Dorothea Wieck. Yet it's little short of a miracle that she was chosen for the rôle. It came about completely by accident.

Dorothea Wieck was the last actress in Germany who would have occurred to Carl Froelich and Lontine Sagan, producers of "Maedchen in Uniform," as a possibility for the rôle of the sensitive school teacher. Her screen work had all been damningly trademarked by that blonde wig, and her stage work, confined as it had been to Vienna, Munich and Frankfort, was not known in Berlin.

But it just so happened that Froelich was a close friend of Dorothea's artist father. And that one evening during a visit to the Wieck home he glanced casually through the family album—and saw a picture of Dorothea.



Wide World  
Genevieve Tobin and the pooch she entered in the Dog Show.

He had known that his friend's daughter was an actress, but his impression of her, gained from her film work, had been of a fluffy blonde nonentity. Here, however, looking up at him from the pages of that homely album, was a woman of rare and unusual beauty. One look was enough to convince him that Fraulein Von Bernburg was found.

Only one thing remained. And that was to convince the lady herself. Convincing Dorothea, let me interpolate, is about as easy as bending a steel girder between the thumb and first finger. But once she believes sufficiently in anything there's no stopping her. She recognized in "Maedchen in Uniform" the opportunity for which she had long been waiting, went to Berlin, played the part—and you know the rest.

Seldom has a foreign-made picture enjoyed the sensational welcome that "Maedchen in Uniform" was accorded in America. And only a few times before has a European actress arrived here with a ready-

made American public awaiting her. True, Dorothea had to cinch that public with her first American-made vehicle. But the way has already been paved. They awaited her, not as a stranger, but sympathetically, interestedly, as one who has already proved her mettle, and who will have, in the future, only to live up to what she herself has indicated, in "Maedchen in Uniform," can be expected of her.

Paramount is the studio which signed her and brought her to America, and without the cooperation of Paramount she cannot, of course, live up to those expectations. She arrived in America in March, 1933, and in Hollywood in April, but it was not till October that her first picture was completed. Time had to be allowed for the improving of her English and for the finding of a suitable vehicle. The vehicle finally chosen was "Cradle Song," a poignant, tender, romantic play by Martinez Sierra, in which Dorothea plays the rôle of a nun.

During those months which passed between the time of her arrival in Hollywood, and the day when she actually started production on her first Paramount picture, Dorothea was somewhat of a mystery woman to Hollywood.

The night she arrived she did none of the things one would expect from a glamorous European personage on her first night in the maddest of all towns. She went quietly to dinner at the Brown Derby with her manager and afterward to a movie at a small neighborhood house. There was no riotous reception, no noisy party, no excitement whatsoever to herald Dorothea Wieck's first night in Hollywood.

And during the months which followed she continued to be a mystery woman. She never attended parties or premieres. The only companion which seemed to have real importance for her was her Sealyham. And whenever an admiring stranger—or even a friend—would attempt to pet the small dog her eyes would flash such fire and she would show such obvious disapproval that the most devout dog lover—the most ardent claimer that "all dogs love me"—would retreat in apologetic disgrace.

I met Dorothea the day she arrived in Hollywood, but it's only recently that I've understood this frantically resentful attitude of hers about that very sweet but, after all, not phenomenally unusual Sealyham.

You see Dorothea arrived here a soft-voiced, self-contained, untalkative little stranger in a strange land. She was eager to seize this opportunity in America, eager to learn the necessary open sesame to American popularity—yet she clung to that darn Sealyham because he represented an ever present reminder of her native land.

Months later when she had almost finished "Cradle Song," when she had found friends and established contacts in this new land, I quizzed her teasingly about that attitude toward her small dog. I repeated to her the yarns I had heard about her almost absurdly protective manner toward him, her antagonism when people sought to pet him. She passed it off with a laugh.

"You see," she said, "I was afraid he would learn English. I wanted him to remain a German speaking dog. It would have been too much for his little head to learn another language." But for all her graciousness, for all her delicious piquant sense of humor, she didn't fool me. I knew why, for all her joking, she had wanted to keep that sole little travelling companion to herself. She gave it away in her next remark.

She looked around the Paramount commissary, where we were having lunch, and said with childish delight, "You know, at almost every table there is a person I know." A naive, simple remark in itself, yet I knew what lay back of it. The pa-





Wide World  
Billy Bakewell and Ginger Rogers at  
Johnny Mack Brown's tennis party.

thetic loneliness of those first weeks in a new country. The many, many times she had come into that huge commissary and seen around her a sea of strange faces, not one of which flashed her a welcoming, warming glance of recognition. Now it was different. From almost every table came a greeting, a cheery hello, a bid for her attention.

Yes—independent, ambitious, almost ruthless as this young woman can be when she feels her career is at stake, she was lonely. But once she made friends she made plenty of them. I went on the set with her that day when we had our interview. There was that little note of camaraderie in the manner of prop boys, assistant cameramen, assistant directors—those small fry who can make or break the big shots—which indicated that they genuinely liked her. She was not simply a star who rated courteous attention—she was one of them.

Yet this was the same girl who had gotten herself thoroughly in wrong by snapping at a hairdresser. But, as I've said before, that's the way Dorothea Wieck is. A charming, gay, almost an impish person. A high-strung, intense, quick-tempered person, quick to anger, quicker to make amends. But above all a woman consecrated to her career, and brooking no levity, no interference, no delay, where the serious business of work is concerned.

In conclusion let me tell you a typical anecdote. When the Wieck, as her friends call her half in fun, half in genuine respect, arrived in New York the reporters who met the boat wanted her to raise her skirts and pose showing her legs. After all Dietrich had done it. If Ramsay MacDonald had had that kind of legs they'd have asked him to do it. Dorothea to them was just another potential news picture and they wanted to make it as tasty as possible. But "the Wieck" met their request indignantly, her eyes flashing fire. "Why?" she queried with honest resentment and honest bewilderment. "I am an actress—not a musical comedy player!"

And now I leave her in your hands, this fiery yet intriguingly reserved young woman who may be our next film sensation. From now on it's up to you.

SILVER SCREEN has a startling article scheduled for the April issue. "I'm That way," says Jean Harlow. DO NOT MISS IT.

# The three-cornered race



*The stork, the doctor, and infection are running a three-cornered race.*

*Which will arrive first? A mother, a baby and a doctor, are vitally concerned with that question.*

*If the doctor wins . . . all's well. But if either of his two rivals keeps the lead, there's trouble ahead.*

The Federal Children's Bureau points out that 16,000 mothers die in childbirth every year in these United States.

Of deaths in childbirth, 40% are caused by septic poisoning. That hardly ever occurs if the expectant mother has gone to her doctor regularly once each month

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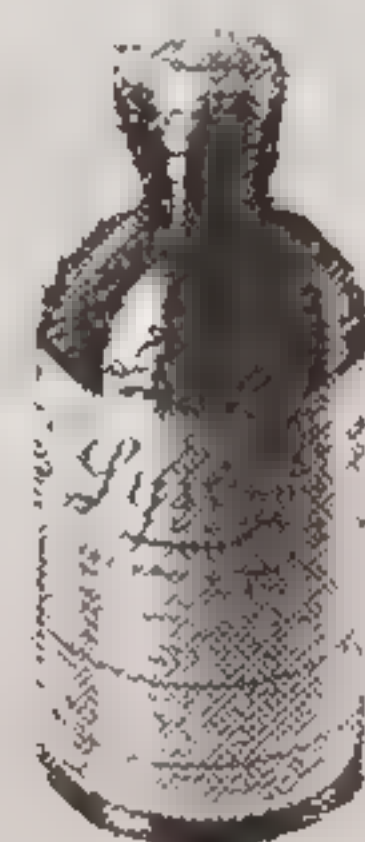
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## Stars at Work

[Continued from page 23]

paratively few. The rest are painted on a back drop, and so skillfully is it done that when you see it on the screen you won't be able to tell where the real trees end and the painted ones begin. This same set is used to show the farm during spring, summer, autumn and winter. In autumn the leaves were brown and sere, and in winter everything was covered with snow. But just now it is spring and everything is tender and young—and lovely.

It is a simple rural story of a boy (Donald Woods), born and bred in the city, who has the love of the country in his heart. When his father's (Egon Brecher) business runs down, he persuades him to sell out and take the family to a New England farm which he has purchased with money he has earned as a musician.

On the adjoining farm live David Landau and Clara Blandick with their brood, consisting of Jean Muir, William Janney, Russell Hardy, Arthur Hohl, Dorothy Appleby, and one or two others. Clara and Dorothy are city bred and hate the farm, so the management of the house falls to Jean Muir.

Woods meets her and falls in love with her, but she won't marry him until she's sure he really loves the farm. Plots and counter-plots are developed and unfolded until that glorious day in the spring when the peach trees are in bloom and the birds are twittering and Donald drives up to the gate, with money in his pocket to build a new farmhouse. Then the last vestige of doubt is removed from Jean's mind and she rushes with outstretched arms to meet him.

The Warners Freres say that Miss Muir is going to be simply a sensation!

This lot is simply bustling with activity today. James Cagney is just starting a new picture—"The Heir Chaser." He comes towards me with outstretched hand and a grin a mile wide on his face. Then suddenly he stops short in his tracks. "What are you doing here?" he demands. "When'd you get back?"

Jimmie had taken a cottage in Carmel and invited me to visit him. But when I arrived he was promptly summoned back to the studio and left me alone up there. My dears, I'm telling you, the place simply exudes ART and KULTUR. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't breathe. It reminded me of one of Berton Braley's poems:

"I've run about lately  
With folks intellectual—  
Minds that are flashing  
And clashing  
In strife;  
Making me feel  
Like a worm ineffectual  
Only much slower—  
And lower—  
In life."

"I got bored," I explain simply, "so I just came back." And then it's my turn to gasp. Jim's appearance is something to marvel over. The back and sides of his head have been sheared—positively, there's no other word for it—until he looks like nothing so much as a horse that has just had its mane roached. Scars have been put on the back by the expert make-up man. He has on an old gray felt hat, a cheap tweed overcoat and tan shoes such as I wore when I was a boy and thought I was knocking 'em cold.

This story concerns itself with a guy (Jimmie) who runs around digging up missing heirs to fortunes, and then cutting himself in on it in one way or another.



The Seasons come and go. Jean Muir and Donald Woods on the sensational set for "As the Earth Turns."

In this dinky room in a cheap tenement—a room with a wall 'phone, an old-fashioned round, oak, dining-room table with cards spread on it where the occupant has been playing solitaire, an old-fashioned mantelpiece and fireplace—a room with double doors leading into the adjoining bed-room and through which can be seen the foot of a brass bed with the covers rumpled and unmade—a room with combination gas and electric fixtures—he has just run down Arthur Hohl (doubling in this picture and "As the Earth Turns") who has recently fallen heir to a fortune.

Unfortunately Hohl has murdered a gent and is in hiding. He knew nothing of the fortune he had inherited until Jimmie bursts in on him with the glad tidings.

"What do I do to get the dough?" Hohl asks suspiciously.

"Cinch," Jim smiles, seating himself opposite Hohl. "Jus' go down an' tell 'em who y'are."

"Swell!" says Hohl with grim humor. "I only got a murder rap hangin' over me."

"What evidence they got against you?" Jimmie asks.

"There was a dame in the room when I blasted the guy. She was his doll so that makes everything just dandy!" Hohl explains.

"Who's the dame?" Jim wants to know.

"Gladys Farrell," Hohl answers, and explains, "She works in a night trap."

Originally Joan Blondell was slated to play Gladys but with her appendicitis operation she's laid up, so Bette Davis has been rushed into the breach. I'm sure I'm quite safe in predicting that Miss Davis is going to give an amazing performance as a gangster's moll. I can hardly wait to see her.

Tucked away in a corner of another stage is a little cabin. Never have I seen a simpler or more unpretentious set than this. This set has been thrown together for "Heat Lightning." The company just returned unexpectedly this morning from a location trip and the sets are not ready. This one was thrown up in about fifteen minutes, but it suffices.

There are three walls (the fourth has been knocked out so the camera can cover the interior—a ceiling and one window. There is a tired, old rocker, a straight chair, a broken-down chifionier, an equally broken-down washstand in the corner with a bowl and pitcher on it and a mirror hanging over it, and a dilapidated, rusty, iron bed with a cheap pink cotton spread and pink pillow case. Pink is used because it will photograph whiter than white.



Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot have robbed a bank and killed two cashiers. They are fleeing to Mexico and stop at a desert gas station for oil, gas and food. Pres recognizes the proprietress (Aline McMahon) as an old flame of years gone by. She has given up the old life and settled down out here to protect her younger sister (Ann Dvorak) from ruination. Pres promises to keep her secret but when two divorcees from Reno (Glenda Farrell and Ruth Donnelly) drive up, loaded down with diamonds, he decides to spend the night there and rob them. He goes over to the little cabin where he and Lyle are staying and finds Lyle sitting on the bed, nervously stuffing his entire tie into his mouth, then pulling it out through his clenched teeth in the manner originated by Ben Hecht.

"I told you you could have another sandwich if you're hungry," Foster says agreeably.

"I ain't hungry," Lyle protests. "I can already feel myself on a prison diet."

"So can Hogan," Pres retorts. "They nabbed him."

"How do you know?" Lyle asks, blanching at the thought.

"It came over the radio a little while ago," Foster explains.

"Holy cats!" Lyle exclaims, jumping up and grabbing a shirt as he prepares to pack. "Let's get goin'! Let's not stall around here all night."

"Sit down—and listen!" Preston admonishes him, giving him a shove as he shakes his bottles of beer for emphasis. "My neck is just as valuable to me as yours is to you and I'm not going to do anything that'd put a rope around it. We're staying on here—but only long enough to get our hands on those rocks those dames are lugging around. We're in a tight spot and we might need to do some greasing to get us over the border."

"All right—All right," Lyle agrees. "I'm glad you let me in on the plot."

"Put on a tie—and try not to choke yourself to death with it," Foster orders him. "We got our own new deal coming up—and prosperity is just across the border."

"Cut," calls the director and Lyle comes over. "I hear you're going to New York tonight. Excited?"

"No," I tell him. This is getting old—this *excited* business.

One more and Warner Brothers and I can kiss each other goodbye until after the holidays. The one remaining picture is "Wonder Bar," starring the peerless Al (Sock 'Em) Jolson and featuring Dick Powell, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez, Louise Fazenda, Guy Kibbee, Fifi D'Orsay and Merna Kennedy, to say nothing of little Hughie Herbert who has made two or three pictures and already thinks he's worth more money.



Lyle Talbot and Preston Foster are crooks on the run in "Heat Lightning."



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1. Make drawing of head 5 inches high, on paper 6 inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering or border.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
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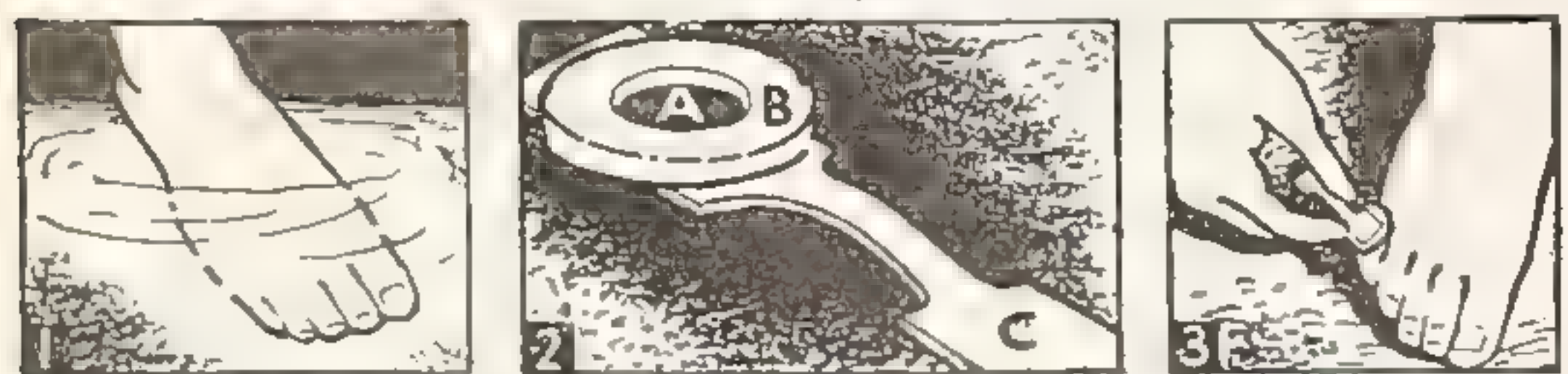
• Well-known dance team (Tom and Betty Wonder) are favorites with American vaudeville audiences

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- 1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
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This set for "Wonder Bar" is unlike anything you've ever seen. Well, possibly I go too far. It's bigger than anything you've ever seen. It really is stupendous, gigantic, colossal. So is the room. It is perfectly enormous. The bar runs the length of the room—at one side. There are stools in front of it where *them that wants to* can sit. A larger dance floor than I've ever come across occupies the center of the room. One step up from the dance floor is a platform with tables on it where the cash customers sit. At the far end of the room, where there's more space, a second platform, a step higher than the first, has additional tables, so the *hoi polloi* who can't get ringside seats may see what's going on. All the tables are occupied with extras in full evening dress. Gorgeous girls, glittering gowns, handsome men—nothing ugly, apparently, ever comes into the Wonder Bar. On the opposite side of the room from the bar is a gigantic orchestra platform. And at the far end of the room, behind the tables, is a stage with heavy black velvet curtains pulled closed. At a signal from the assistant director, the curtains part and Mr. Jolson appears, his famous million dollar smile on his face. Immediately there is deafening applause, led by the assistant. Al, still smiling, comes down an aisle to some steps, his hands outstretched in a plea for silence.

"Ladeeze and Genlmen," he begins. As the applause hasn't quite died away he isn't sure the audience has got the full effect of his perfect diction, so he repeats, "Ladeeze and genlmen. I have the honor and pleasure of announcing my star attraction of the evening—" As he speaks he descends the steps to the dance floor and as he reaches the bottom of the steps he turns towards the orchestra.

"I have the honor and pleasure of presenting that grand little premiere danseuse of the Wonder Bar—Mlle. Inez (Dolores Del Rio) and Monsieur Harry in their famous dance creation—*Valse Amoureuse*."

He pauses and the lights go off. Suddenly he glances around and sees Ricardo Cortez (who is playing Monsieur Harry) looking at him in a peculiar way.

A little bird whispers that all is not sweetness and light on this set. Mr. Jolson and Mr. Cortez, as may be inferred, don't belong to any mutual admiration society. In addition, no one seems to care particularly about working with Al. Kay Francis tried to sidestep the part and Genevieve Tobin was announced for it. Jenny put up a squawk and then it was discovered Kay would finish "Mandalay" in time to do it after all. Nor is that all. Director Lloyd Bacon and Dance Director Busby Berkeley have different ideas about how things should be done and they're not at all backward about voicing their opinions of each other's ideas.

Anyhow, the scene has to be shot over. This time, when Jolson finishes introducing Del Rio, he turns beamingly to the other side of the platform where Cortez is standing. "This, ladeeze and genlmen, is Monsieur Harry, considered by many to be the handsomest man in Paris. But then I know some people who like monkeys." More laughter from the crowd and Cortez takes a bow as he steps off the platform and meets Del Rio. He bends over her hand, kisses it and they glide off into the waltz. Del Rio is hauntingly beautiful in a black dress liberally spangled with sequins. The music is lovely and as they dance, Jolson standing on a long, narrow platform, is pushed out into the middle of the floor, and sings a refrain of the number.

I wish I had space to go into the details of the plot but suffice to say it is really gripping and tense. The whole action of the picture takes place in this cabaret and the ante-rooms.

I skip Universal this month. The last picture has been completed and the place is closed down until after the holidays. Closed down like an old speakeasy.

### On the Paramount Lot

PARAMOUNT is going strong today. First, there is "The Scarlet Empress," starring Marlene Dietrich and directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The set is closed to visitors because Art must be free from outside influence, but I sneak on anyhow, and you well may ask how.

As I am going down the walk at Paramount, her imperial highness, Marlene, sweeps by in the white satin gown she wears at the wedding scene. There are hoop skirts about a mile in diameter surrounding her. Paramount can't afford to have the dress ruined so they send a woman along to be the train-carrier. The maid, being occupied with watching her ladyship, doesn't see me. So I dart quickly under the skirts and march along with them. When we come to a halt we're safe inside the stage.

I must give the devil his dues, however, and say that the set is really magnificent. The scene is the banquet room. The table is longer than any I have ever spotted anywhere. The chairs look as though they have skeletons sitting in them but it is really only gargoyles stuck on top of the backs. It is supposed to be the banquet following Marlene's marriage to the Grand Duke (Sam Jaffe). Heavy plaster pilasters support the ceiling. Gigantic wax tapers light the room.

Marlene takes her place at the table. A few extras seat themselves near her and the camera is focussed on that end. Suddenly a band of musicians burst in, group themselves around her and start playing. She gazes starry-eyed up at the leader. Nothing is said. She just looks and he just plays. But it must have been with such a look as this that Helen sent Paris' spirits soaring.

Just as I told you, genius cannot be hampered by outside interference. I cannot get a picture of this scene for you. The Von isn't in the mood.

The producers are always telling us that what the industry needs is more pictures with down-to-earth plots. What I think it needs is more sets with an air of humaneness about them. And they've got it on the set of "Bolero," starring Carole Lombard and George Raft. That's one thing about Carole. Success has never changed her and I can't imagine her ever having the set closed to visitors. "Darling," she shrieks, catching sight of me and coming flying off the set with outstretched arms.

"Sweets," I murmur, falling into them.

"Why don't you ever come to see me?" she says. "I hear you're going to New York. Aren't you excited?"

"No," I admit. "I'd rather stay here with you."

"Nuts to that stuff," Director Wesley Ruggles puts in. "He's nothing but a crawfisherman and the scoundrel is always luring young girls with promises of crawfish—my wife for instance, fell a victim to his wiles. Don't have anything to do with him. Get back there on the set."

"Wes," I cajole, "I'll forgive your insults if you'll tell me in ten words what this is all about."

"Will you promise to leave immediately afterwards?" Wes inquires cautiously.

"On my honor," I promise.

"Hmmm," says Wesley. "Well, George Raft and his brother Mike (William Frawley) are workers in a Pennsylvania coal field. George has an idea he would be a sensation as a dancer and, after a number of try-outs—financed by his brother—he is. He goes to Paris and, with his partner,



becomes the rage of the city. Then Carole appears and wants to work with him. He's obsessed with the idea of going to London, so he fires his old partner and takes Carole on. But the old partner, for revenge, tells the management he's going to skip his contract. The management attaches his bank account and other assets. His hopes of London go glimmering until he discovers a diamond ring on his brother's hand. That will get them to London. They have just arrived in the metropolis with practically nothing between them and starvation—but that doesn't phase George. He takes his party to one of the best hotels. Now, if you'll excuse us all we'll shoot the next scene and show you what happens."

The scene is the sitting room in a hotel suite—apparently furnished in Louis XV period. Most of the furniture is white but there are a few inlaid walnut marquetry



Carole Lombard is taken on as a dancing partner by George Raft, in "Bolero."

pieces. There is a white, hand-carved centre table with a black marble top. A huge white baby grand piano is in one corner and a white divan stands in front of it. Green damask drapes with a gracefully looped green damask valance, over ecru curtains, take care of the windows. Oh, yes. There is also a fireplace with a white marble statue and a couple of Dresden vases on the mantel.

Carole, in a typical 1914 outfit—plaid black and white vest, black skirt, black cape and gray silk blouse and small black velvet hat, takes her place on the divan. Raft hovers solicitously beside her. George is gorgeous in a tan checkered suit, and his brother, William Frawley, is an eye-filler in brown. Frank Dunn, the hotel manager, in cutaway coat and gray striped trousers, stands near the mantel and the porter, John Erwin, stands in the doorway.

"You know," Raft announces blandly to Dunn, "there are a lot of cheap crooks in this world, without a cent to their names, who might come here and try to bluff you." (He turns to Carole, smiling), "You know, this isn't a bad hotel at all."

"Thank you," says Dunn, bowing and leaving the room.

"Say, Porter," the loquacious Mr. Raft continues, "How'd you like to have a half a pound?"

"Delighted, sir," Erwin responds.

"Give it to him, Mike," George orders, addressing Frawley.

Frawley gives Raft a dirty look, hands the porter a half pound, managing, heroically, to accompany the gift with a smile.

# Turns INDIFFERENCE To LOVE



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**TURN TO PAGE 73**

**Silver Screen's  
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**Wear a Ginger Rogers' dress**

As the door closes after the porter, Frawley turns to Raft, blazing. "That's all we have—and you know it."

The scene finished, Wes eyes me meaningfully so I tuck tail and beat it.

Presently I bump into Fredric March, but Freddie is no fun today and hasn't been in months. I don't know what's got into him. Maybe he's worried because he's having to work in two pictures at once—"Death Takes a Holiday" and "Good Dame" with Sylvia Sidney. At the moment, he's working like fury to finish up "Death."

I can't figure out whether this is satire or drama. Certainly, it has satirical touches but then, on the other hand, there are moments of stark drama—tragedy, almost.

Freddie, as Death, is taking a holiday. He assumes a human form because he wants to find out why men fear—and shun him. He goes to the home of Sir Guy Standing and demands that he be received as an ordinary guest for three days, with his identity kept secret. Sir Guy reluctantly agrees and Freddie promptly—as a mortal—proceeds to fall in love with Evelyn Venable, who is engaged to Sir Guy's son, Kent Taylor.

Freddie and Evelyn have been walking in the garden, but as the camera has to be pulled back as they approach, the action can only be photographed. The dialogue is recorded later. They have just started recording.

"Do you always rise so early?" Freddie asks.

"No," Evelyn returns, smiling. "The doctor makes an early call on my old nurse. This morning I want to hear his report."

Freddie looks at her speculatively. "She is ill—your old nurse?"

"She is dying," Evelyn answers gravely.

"Oh, perhaps," he ventures tentatively, thinking that he might spare the nurse if it would make Evelyn happy, "perhaps she will be better this morning."

"Oh, I hope not!" the girl retorts quickly. As Freddie stares at her in amazement she goes on, "I pray that Death was merciful and brought her sleep in the night."

Freddie lifts an uncomfortable eyebrow. He feels neglectful. "Well—you know, your attitude is slightly unusual. You make Death sound like something desirable."

"For an old woman of eighty-three," Evelyn laughs lightly, "yes!"

Freddie gives her a crestfallen look. So consummate an actor he is that even when only the dialogue is being recorded and the cameras are not grinding, he cannot help but act. Every word he utters is accompanied by an appropriate facial expression.

He comes over to me for a moment when the scene is finished. "I hear you're going to New York? Why don't you go out and see Florence (his wife) before you leave? She's working with Barthelmess in 'A Modern Hero'."

I explain that I'm leaving tonight and I've already covered that set. Thank heavens he didn't ask if I'm excited.

There are still a couple of sets left over here. One of them is "Good Dame," which I just mentioned as starring Freddie and Sylvia Sidney. You remember I told you a few months ago how Universal had Lew Ayres under contract for years without getting excited about it, and then how, the moment he signed with Fox, they just had to have him back for a picture at a great increase in salary? Well, so it is with Paramount and Freddie. They let his option lapse but no sooner does he sign with Twentieth Century than they discover there is no one who can play this part in "Good Dame" but Freddie. They hire him back for this one picture at a paltry stipend of \$50,000 for two week's work and a guarantee of \$5,000 a day for every day they keep him overtime. Whoops, my dear!

Sylvia has gone home with a stomach ache and, as Freddie is working in "Death," the company is shooting around them. They're using the old carnival set from "I'm No Angel." A scene is being shot behind the tents.

Dirt has been piled up to make a small hill and the ground has been covered with sawdust. A small fire burns brightly on top of the mound. We see the ropes holding the tents down. Off to one side is a circus wagon with a horse tethered to it. At the fire stands Jack LaRue looking more disheveled and villainous than usual. He has a pistol in his hand, and he is confronting Russell Hopton, who is being held by Jim Dundee (until recently a prize-fighter) and Bud Fine.

Sylvia, a chorus girl, loses her job and is about to return to Chicago. She has \$64 in the world. Between trains she goes out to the carnival and has her bag with her money in it stolen—by Russ Hopton, who is Freddie's pickpocket. Freddie is a carnival grifter. So then she has to go to work in the carnival because she's broke. The night of the carnival blow-off Sylvia and another girl are pinched in a raid. Their bail has been fixed at \$50 but LaRue (the owner) won't spring them because he can get new girls in the next town without paying \$50 apiece for them. Freddie makes Russ steal the night's receipts to get the money to put up for the girls, and LaRue finds out he has done it. He has him on the spot right now—right by the campfire.

"Come on," LaRue orders. "Speak up!" "I tell yuh, Bluch," Russ whines, "I ain't got the money."

Suddenly LaRue smacks his face and Russ flinches. "Where is it?" Jack demands.

"Mace (Freddie) took it to spring the new dame," Russ answers sullenly.

"The new dame, eh?" LaRue murmurs. Then he turns to the two men who are holding Russ. "Dust him off," he orders tersely.

A moment later there are offstage screams from Russ, who is being beaten up.

Suddenly a horse in the distance whinnies and the one tethered to the wagon answers. They have to re-shoot the scene.

"Going to New York?" Jack answers when the scene is finished, but I flee without answering.

The other set working is "The Search for Beauty." This is the picture for which Paramount conducted its search in all English speaking countries of the earth. The winners appear in the picture, though they have little to do except look well—and they sure do that!—and, thank God! the plot is more clever and logical than one usually finds in such films. It really gives Larry "Buster" Crabbe a chance to act and prove that he can be something besides Tarzan. Larry is inordinately ambitious and tireless in his efforts to fit himself for screen work. He has a likable personality and I only hope he clicks again in this. Ida Lupino is the girl—fresh from Merrie England.

They're shooting the last scene in the picture—when storm clouds have blown away and Love has triumphed. Larry and Ida have been left in sole and complete charge of their Health Resort and they are conducting their morning's setting-up exercises. It is a beautiful physical culture drill with all the beauty-winners going full tilt, and it has a "different" ending, too.

"No More Women," starring Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen, is on location, so I drop over on the R-K-O lot, where I run into another bit of good luck. All their pictures have been completed with the exception of "Hips, Hips, Hooray," and I told you about that one last month. So I can pass them up, too, until next month.



## At Columbia

COLUMBIA has two in production. One of them is the famous "Men of Tomorrow." The scene, I believe, is laid in Budapest. The plot concerns itself with two gangs of boys—the Paul Street Boys, led by Jimmie Butler, and of which George Breakston is a member—and the Red Shirts, led by Frankie Darro. The Red Shirts want the lot the Paul Street Boys use as a playground, and declare war on them, after first capturing their flag. George is the only private in his army. All the rest are lieutenants and generals but a commission



"The Search for Beauty" is literally what the title calls for. Paramount searched the earth for these girls and boys.

is refused him because he is too small.

He and General Butler visit the Red Shirts' camp as spies, in an effort to recapture their flag. When they are discovered, George is thrown into a lake. As he already has a severe cold, he contracts a fever and has to stay at home on the day of the great battle. Today is the day he remains at home.

The walls of his room are rough plaster, painted a sort of dingy buff. Heavy, wooden beams stretch across the room from wall to wall, below the dormer roof. Heavy, painted, wooden furniture fills the room. Beside the bed is a small table full of bottles of medicine and glasses. George is lying in bed and his eyes really look feverish. He looks like a miniature edition of Sterling Holloway. His mother—surprise! It's Lois Wilson—sits on the bed stroking his forehead. Suddenly the doorbell jangles. She gets up and stands in the doorway but before she has a chance to see who is there, a shabby looking man, collarless and carrying a couple of coats on his arm, enters. He is George's father (John Qualen). John and Lois exchange glances but say nothing. Then, as he looks inquiringly at her, she re-seats herself on the bed. The bell jangles again. "I'll go," John volunteers and disappears. Lois just sits stroking the boy's head.

I wish I could get on to paper for you the poignancy of that scene. The boy's feverish eyes, the agony in the mother's and the hopelessness and helplessness in the father's. A cross-section of life is lived in the few seconds that this scene lasts in that shabby little room.

The other picture shooting on this lot is "The Ninth Guest," which boasts quite a cast: Genevieve Tobin, Donald Cook, Hardie Albright, Nella Walker, Samuel S. Hinds (Mr. Hinds is the Pasadena attorney, 59 years old, who, after practicing law for something like twenty-five years decided to give it up and take up acting as a profession), Helen Flint and others.

It's another of those murder-mysteries where practically everyone in the cast is killed. The set is a pretentious living room with a fireplace and imitation marble mantle. Instead of the usual mirror or

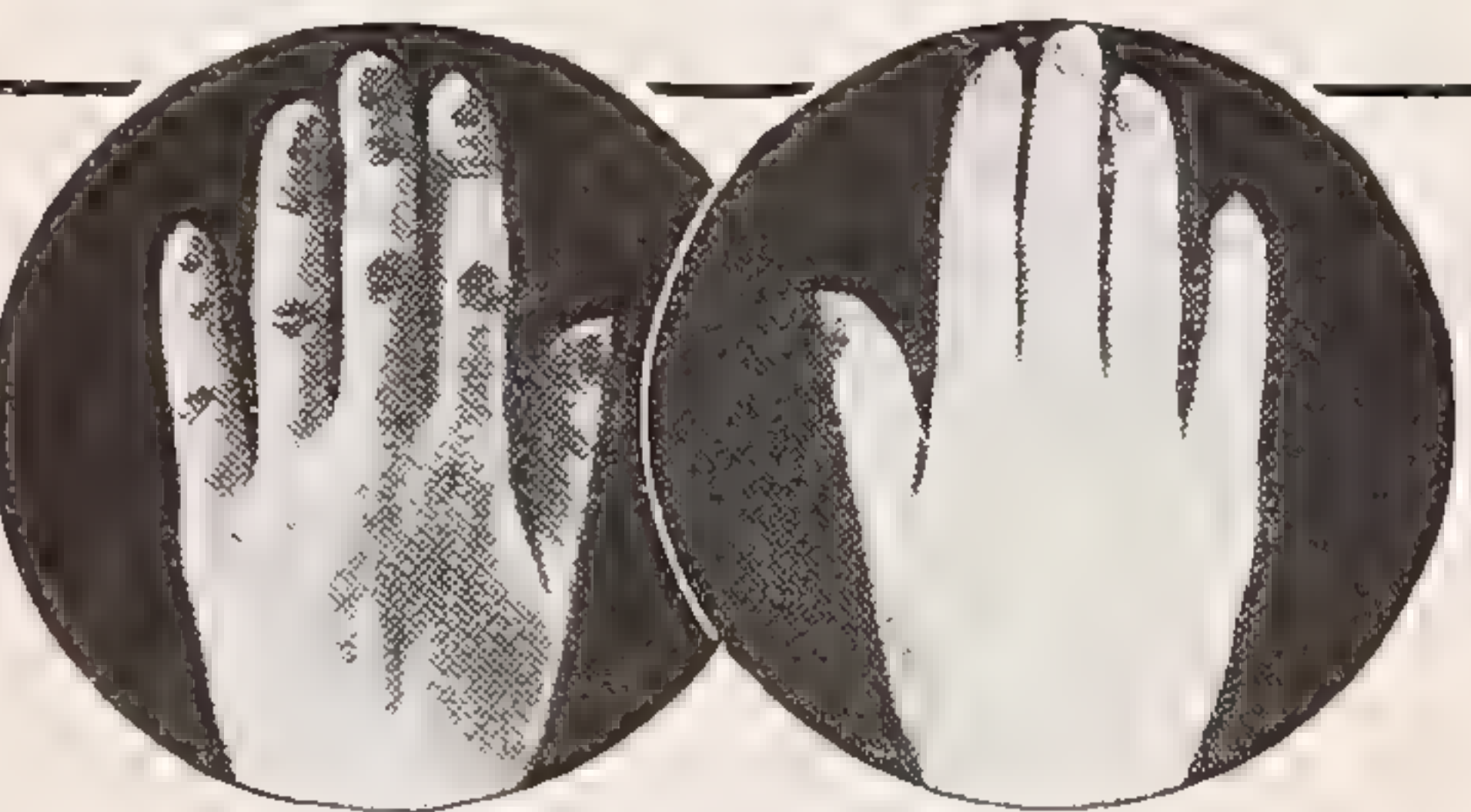
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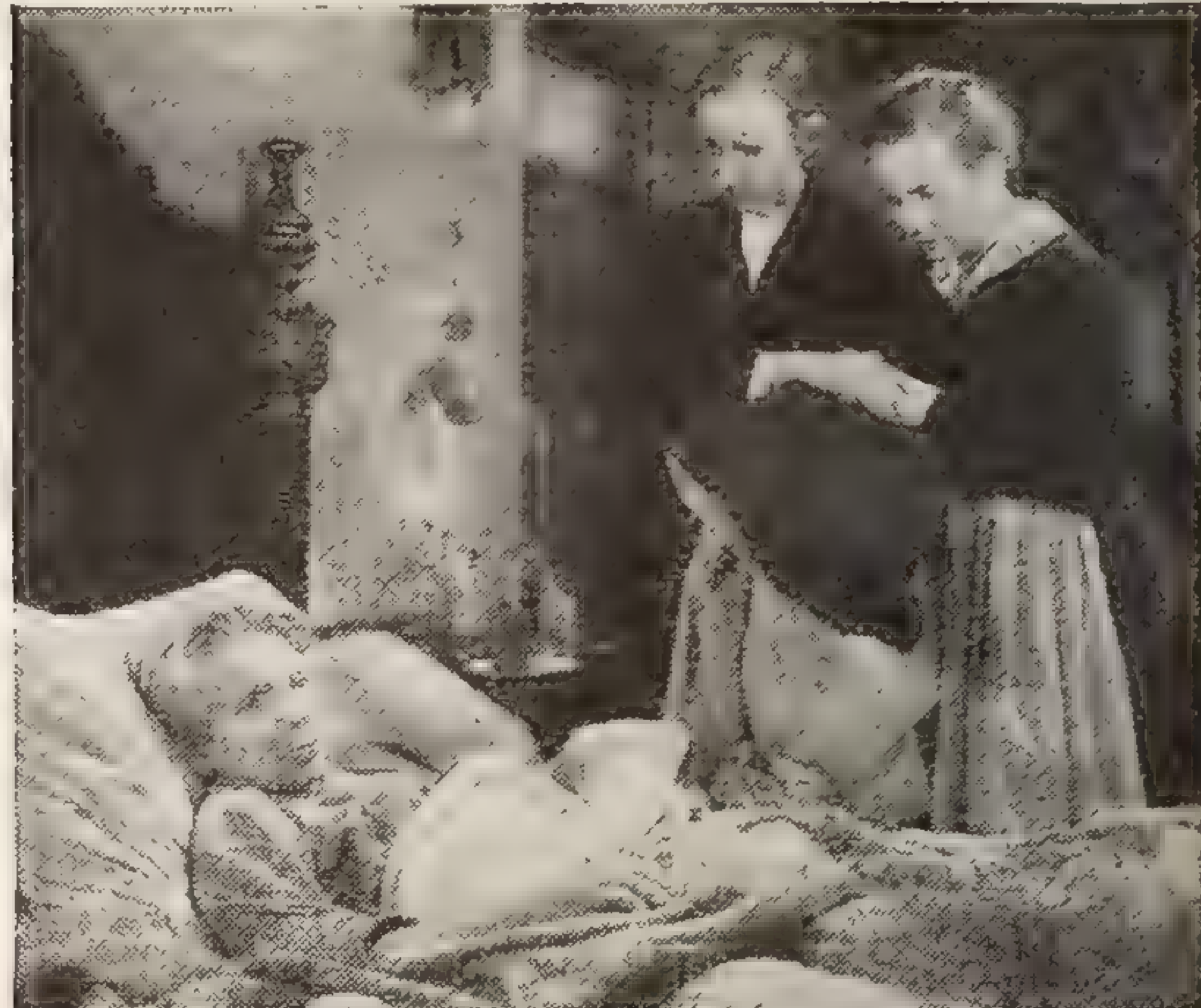
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painting over the mantel there is a white net curtain, shirred at the top and bottom. Opposite the mantel is a clock, countersunk in the wall, with an opaque glass dial, and behind the dial is a light to illuminate it. There is a white coffee table, white andirons in the fireplace (and how could anybody keep them clean, I'd like to know?), and tremendously long green drapes over the windows and in the doorways.

La Tobin is stunning in a navy crêpe evening dress, with a bodice of gold sequins on net, and red satin slippers. Helen Flint is a striking looking red-head in a green evening gown shot with gold.

"All right, props," the director yells to the prop boy, "call the cast so I can get some dialogue." Off goes the prop boy yelling, "Posse mounted inside!" And, lo and behold, presently the artists come straggling in.



"Men of Tomorrow," one of Columbia's successes. Emotion is right down their street.

"Miss Tobin," the director calls, noticing she is missing.

"In about two minutes," comes Toby's voice.

"Hurry up," says the director good-naturedly, "the posse mounted is here and the horses won't hold still much longer."

Originally there were eight guests, but one of them has already been found dead. The seven survivors are seated and standing about the room. Tobin and Red are sitting on the divan by the fireplace. Over the scene is the steady tick-tock of the clock. There is a tenseness in their attitude which indicates the strain of—just waiting.

Tobin shows signs of going to pieces. There is a hint of hysteria in her voice as she says, "I can't stand it. I can't stand it any longer."

Miss Walker gets suddenly to her feet and starts towards the clock: "It's that clock! I'm going to stop it!" Don Cook steps forward and catches her arm. "I can't stand the ticking," Nella goes on weakly. "He said another of us would be dead by twelve!"

The whole group turns and stares at the clock with renewed interest. Cook leads Nella back to her chair and she sinks into it. Then he faces the others: "Listen! We've been told we're going to die—the next one in (glancing at the clock) fifteen minutes. Osgood tried to double-cross us. He's dead. That should teach the rest of us not to play tricks. All we've got to do is keep our heads. Then nothing can happen to us."

"There must be a hiding place—he's here somewhere," Hardie Albright observes.

Suddenly a voice is heard again coming from the radio: "Search the apartment. This is not a game of slaughter! It's a game of skill!"

As far as I'm concerned you can call it anything you want. One man is already dead and six others die before the thing

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is finished. Thank heaven I wasn't invited to the party.

There is one other picture in production at this studio—"Night Bus," starring Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert—but it's on location. So I jog away again.

#### On the Fox Lot

AT FOX, too, things have picked up this month. "Carolina," starring *la petite* Gaynor, is still in production.

Next, there is "Coming Out Party." This is the Lasky production which engages the attention of a lot of real, honest-to-goodness, dyed-in-the-wool debutantes. I just want to mention in passing that they don't wear clothes a bit better than hundreds of extras, to say nothing of scores of stars and leading ladies, AND they chew gum in true Ruth Chatterton fashion.

Innyhoo, this picture shows in loathsome detail all the workings of the machinery required to "properly" launch a debutante. In this instance Frances Dee is the deb and I'm quite sure a lovelier one was never launched. Everything is handled by mercenary old Alison Skipworth. Frances is in love with an aspiring musician, Gene Raymond; but her mother favors Clifford Jones—a dissipated but eligible New Yorker.

Gene and Frances have ignored the conventions—if you know what I mean—and then Gene is ordered to Chicago on an engagement. Upon his return he tells Frances of the great opportunity that has come to him to make a concert tour of Europe. Frances has no opportunity to tell him of her urgent need for marriage.

Gene breaks the news of his impending and immediate departure on the night of her coming out party.

But for the nonce the action doesn't concern itself with either Gene, Frances or Clifford. One of the rooms upstairs in Frances' home has been turned into a ladies' room. There is a dressing table with powder, perfume, brushes, etc. The chairs and divan are upholstered in white brocaded moiré and salmon colored moiré. The dressing table has a flounce around it reaching to the floor. Suzanne Kaaren, a striking looking brunette under contract to Fox, is in this picture. At night she is working with Victor Jory and Howard Lally in "The Spider" over at the Pasadena Community Theatre.

"Action, girls," calls the director.

Immediately they take their places. Gwen Phillips seats herself on a chair and starts reading a book. Jane Barnes stands at the dressing table powdering. Another girl (whose name I forget, darn it) stands behind her and keeps getting in her way. Suzanne Kaaren sits on a love-seat, smoking. Pat Farr stands in front of a mirror, having a maid repair the hem of her dress. The others are just loafing around.

"What's Ann Waring doing?" Jane asks the girl behind her, indicating Gwen Phillips, who is reading.

"Poor kid," says the Girl Behind, "she always reads through parties. That's how she keeps her family from knowing she's a flop."

"At that," Jane opines, "she probably has less wear and tear on her nerves than the rest of us. I often wonder if it's worth all the agony—the fear of being stuck. I go into every ballroom with my teeth chattering."

"Do you really believe that all it takes is nerve?" Gwen asks quietly, putting down her book and joining them.

Talk about embarrassing moments! I can feel my own face redden and I hadn't even said a word.

I was glad to get off *that* set, bullieve me

Next comes "Every Girl for Herself" with Claire Trevor and James Dunn. For once Jimmy isn't working, so I don't get called



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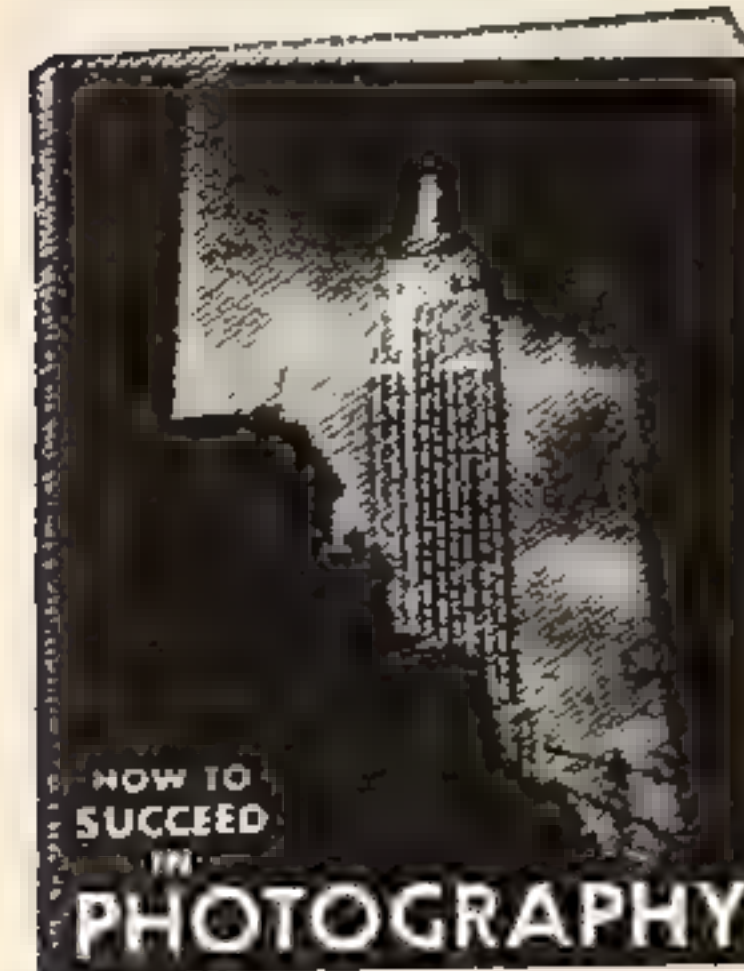
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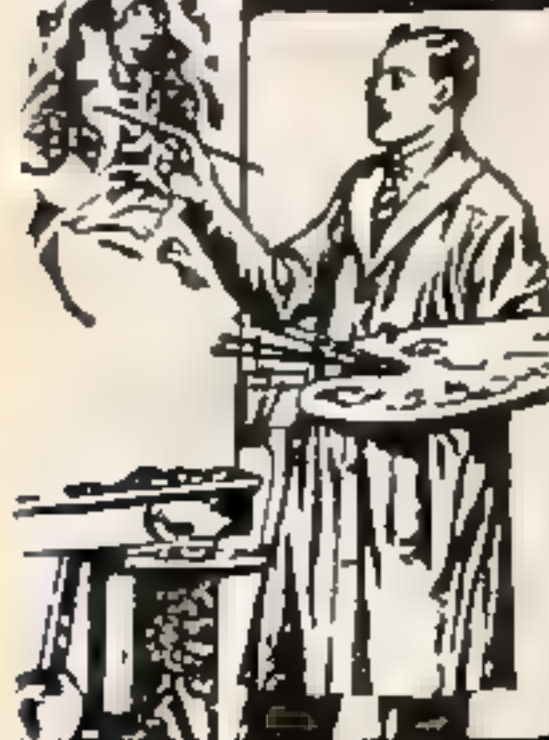
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a console table against the wall with a bowl of flowers on it and a mirror above it. The lighting fixtures are unique. They look like old-fashioned oil lamps which have been hung up on the wall. Through the open archway can be seen a fireplace (My God! The sets are full of them this month!) and to one side of it a divan upholstered in dark brown, checked in white.

Rosemary Ames sits at the table, clad simply in a black dress with a white, starched collar and yoke such as nuns wear. Victor Jory is leaning over her. Jory's shirt is all torn; there is dried blood on his chest and a cut over his right eye, but he doesn't seem tired or depressed as a result of the fight he's obviously had.

"Listen!" he says, "there's a big world out there. You ought to see it. Say! I'd like to show it to you. Maybe we can do it some good—you and I. There're fights to be fought and fun to be had—" He pauses at the look on her face. "You haven't got the nerve," he taunts her, but she doesn't answer. Then, slowly, the realization that she isn't going with him sinks in. "You—haven't—got—the—nerve," he repeats slowly. "Oh, well—," philosophically.

"Cut!" calls Director Irving Cummings.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" Vic wonders, coming over, "or is it Dick Mook?"

"In the flesh," I admit.

"I won't forget you again, you so-and-so," he announces. We chat for a moment and then he sobers. "Say! Before she does anything else—before this picture is finished or released—I would like to predict, just from her work so far in this film, that Rosemary Ames is going to be the next screen sensation. She's marvelous!"

I glance casually at Miss Ames. She reminds me of Tallulah Bankhead. Her hair is a tawny color. And I remembered the play of constantly changing expression on her face as she had listened to Jory talking. It doesn't seem unlikely. Watch her when this picture comes out. And Jory isn't doing such a bad job, either, if you ask me.

John Boles is also in this picture but he isn't working today.

I try to bear up under the blow and drag myself over to the set of "The Heir to the Hoorah."

This is George O'Brien's last picture for Fox and follows hard on his announcement that he is through making Westerns. In this opus he has a mere fourteen changes of costume. And, boy, howdy! Can George wear clothes when he wants to! Esk me! But George isn't working in this scene. He's only visiting on the set. But my luck is good. Mary Brian is working. And does she look ducky in a navy crêpe wool dress with collar and cuffs of pressed red broad-tail.

"I hear you're going—" Mary begins when I interrupt her.

"Mary," I beg, "for old times' sake, PLEASE. I can't stand it."

"Florence (Florence Lake) just got in," Mary informs me. "I just spoke to her on the 'phone. Have you seen her?"

"No," I reply. "She's married now so I'm not needed any more. What's all this about you and Donald Cook?" I query.

"Just good friends," Mary goes into her routine.

"Say!" I ejaculate. "How do you manage to keep all these 'good friends' straight? I'd think you'd get them mixed up and mention something to Don you'd said to Dick Powell."

"Well," says Mary modestly, "I've never got into trouble through giving the wrong answer yet."

And then the director, of course, has to interrupt us. "Would you mind tearing yourself away from this mug for a few minutes, Miss Brian, and helping us out with these scenes?"



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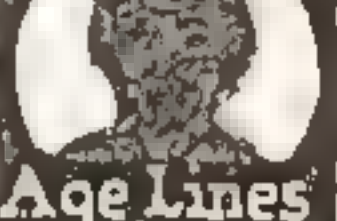
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Claire Trevor and Alan Edwards in "Every Girl for Herself," a gang picture with a girl involved.

The "scene" is the living room of a lodge in a mining camp. It is a huge room with a rough stone fireplace.

Mary takes her place on the divan and Herbert Mundin (looking like *Punch's* idea of a miner in his plaid flannel shirt and riding breeches stuffed into hunting boots), and Russell Simpson stand looking down at her. Those two and Roger Imhoff are the owners of the mine, and George's guardian. George and Mary are married but they've had a row (George thinks she married him for his money) and he's left home.

"It's all my fault," Mary wails, making a feeble attempt to smile through her tears.

"Now, now," Simpson consoles her, running his hand feelingly over his luxurious Smith Brothers beard.

"I've driven him away—even from you," Mary snivels.

"Naw you didn't," Simpson says. "You couldn't do nothing wrong." He gives her a comforting hug. "We'll get a hold of him and have him back here in jigtime."

"Will you?" Mary asks, her face brightening.

I forgot to tell you the plot: Mary's going to have a baby, too. Of course, the difference between Mary and other girls is that she got married first.

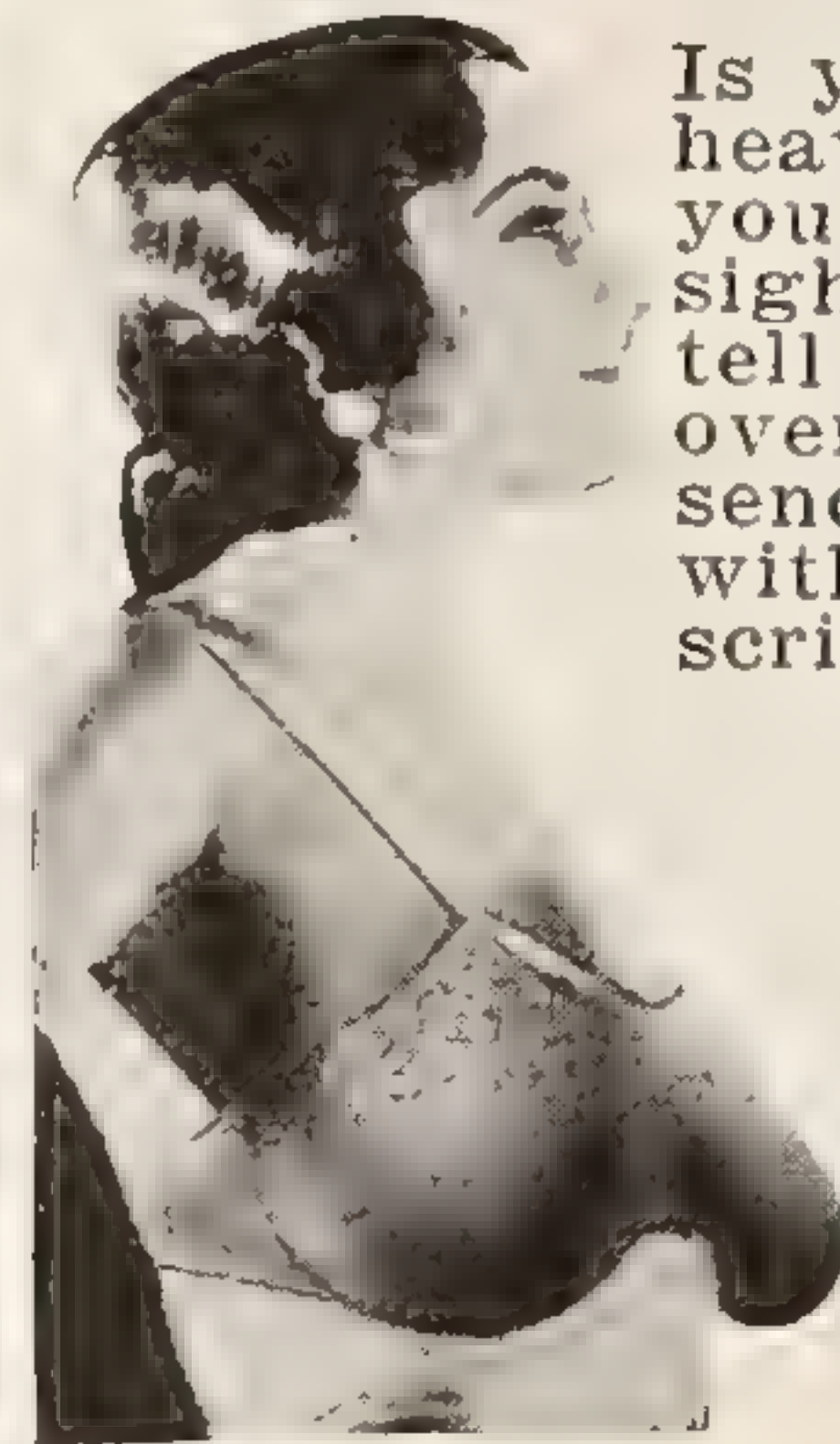
### Over at M-G-M

HERE things are pretty quiet. "Tarzan and His Mate," featuring Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller, is on location. This picture has already eclipsed the records hung up by "Rasputin" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" for length of production. It's been in production since July and won't finish before the first of the year. Imagine!

"The Mystery of the French Police"—another murder mystery thriller—is shooting out on the back lot. I start out there but it's a long walk and besides I've just learned that the director and cast have stumbled on to a clue and they don't want any outside interference when they're running it down.

I encounter Ramon Novarro all wrapped up in an Indian blanket, with a long black wig on, and looking every inch an Indian, on his way to his dressing room. "We just got back from location on this picture, 'Laughing Boy,'" he volunteers, "and I'm telling you in all my experience that's the worst location trip I've ever made. We slept in tents and the weather was close to zero. I'd ask you down to

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the set but we've just called off work for today. Lupe has the flu and I've got a cold. The director thinks if we lay off this afternoon I'll be better tomorrow and Lupe should be well enough to work by Wednesday."

"How did 'The Cat and the Fiddle' turn out?" I inquire.

"I'm very hopeful," Ramon answers. "They think so well of it around here they're going to spend a hundred thousand dollars more on it just to make a new ending."

"Swell," I rejoin. "Good luck."

"Thanks," says Ramon. As I start away I hear something that sounds suspiciously like "I hear you're going—" but by that time I'm going at a dead run.

I finally track down a picture in production out there. It's "Viva Villa"—the picture that created such a ruckus when Howard Hawkes and Lee Tracy went to Mexico to make it. Stuart Erwin has replaced Lee. It's one of those rubber parts that can be stretched to fit anyone.

This is the story of the bandit, Pancho Villa, who sacked and pillaged Mexico in a belief that he was leading her out of the morass in which she was floundering at the time. Whatever he did, as set forth in the picture, was done with the best intentions, and he murdered only when he thought his fatherland would benefit from the executions.

Stu is an American newspaperman whom Villa (Wallace Beery) has captured. A strange friendship has sprung up between them. Just now, Stu, a little the worse for wear and drink, is marrying Wally and Katherine de Mille.

The set is part of a cabin. Rough plaster walls, a washstand, with the eternal pitcher and bowl, stands on one side of the room, a table on another. There is a banjo hanging on the wall, and a huge candle (lighted and dripping tallow) is fastened to the wall beside a door. A fancy red and blue scarf covers the washstand. Above the stand is a set of shelves decorated with various china ornaments. In still another corner of the room is the bed.

Stu in a brown suit with the coat collar turned up and the neck of a quart bottle sticking out of his pocket, is facing Wally and Katherine. Wally looks just too cute. His hair is combed in bang-style, hanging down into his eyes. He has on a sloppy brown khaki suit and a pistol in a holster is slung carelessly around his hips. Katherine has on a white wedding veil with flowers in her hair, a red skirt trimmed in black velvet ribbon and a white waist with red flowers worked into the material.

"Silence, please," Stu begs. "Do you, Rosita, promise to cherish this case of walking cholera known as Pancho Villa for the rest of your days?"

"Yes, sir," Katherine murmurs. Wally pats her rear and leaves his hand still there.

"And do you, Pancho, hereby promise on your sacred oath as a gentleman and a scholar, that you will henceforth feed out of the hand; shave twice a day; remove your shoes on going to bed; cherish this desert cinderella for better or for worse and never stay out after nine P.M.?"

"I can't say this," Wally objects unhappily. "What about when I'm busy? Sometimes I don't come home for maybe three weeks."

"Oho, you stay away three weeks, eh?" Katherine rages. "Well, I no marry you." And with that parting sally she flounces out of the room.

It's all one to me whether she does or not. Try as I will I can't work up any great interest in the proceedings one way or the other.

But when I reach the set of "Rip Tide," starring Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall

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and Robert Montgomery—ah, there's a horse of a different color.

Norma is far from prudish, but she's not quite so daring as her sisters. However, she does spend a night with Herbert Marshall and ends by marrying him and becoming Lady Rexford. When Marshall goes to America on business, his aunt takes Norma down to the Riviera, where she meets Bob. Bob is one of those chaps who, when they're drunk, can't understand why they can't have everything they want. In one of his drunken moments he wants Norma (I can go him one better: I want her when I'm sober!). In a drunken frenzy he kisses her. Norma rushes back to the hotel, tells the aunt she is leaving immediately and feverishly starts packing. Bob comes after her, and when she refuses to open the door he tries to leap the six feet between the balconies to their rooms. He misses, falls two stories, crashes through the awning above the night club and lands on a table.

Marshall, returning to England, hears about the scandal and is *he* put out! He practically quits speaking to Norma. In desperation she sends for Bob to explain to Herbert that it wasn't her fault. They're just nearing the end of the explanation.

The scene takes place in the hall of Marshall's home. It is huge and all done in a dead white. Most of the furniture (also white) is upholstered in a bluish green, although two divans on either side of the fireplace (yes, children, there's another one here), are done in a brownish buff piped in black. A short flight of steps lead up to a narrow landing, then turn and continue to the second floor.

Norma and the two men are standing on the balcony. She is too far away for me to see what her dress is like but there's nothing startlingly new about her coiffure—at least, not the one she's wearing in *this* scene.

"Lady Rexford," says Bob, "was just explaining—why she sent for me. To tell you the truth, I don't quite know the lines for this type of scene. But I did cause you both a certain amount of trouble by my drunken antics in Cannes and I'd like to take this opportunity to apologize.

"Thank you very much," Marshall cuts in very quietly. "Is that all?"

"I asked him to come," Norma begins.

"Yes, so you said," Herbert interrupts her. "So you said."

"Well, that's really all, sir," Bob begins again. "If you'll be good enough to believe that I was *entirely* to blame for what happened—and your wife was an innocent victim of my drunken conduct. As for her conduct—I only hope one day to find a wife with as delicate a sense of—proportion."

"Thank you," says Marshall—still very quietly. He switches on a light which floods the hall. "Now, if you're quite ready, I think I can show you the way." He moves down the stairs and Bob follows him. The camera holds on Norma's face as the men descend the stairs and cross the hall.

They reach a table and Bob picks up his silk topper and violin case (*don't ask me what he's doing with that!*) and turns to Marshall. "Well, thank you very much," he says impudently. "It's been perfectly charming."

"Not at all," rejoins Marshall imperiously as he escorts Bob to the door. "Goodbye."

I make the train by the skin of my teeth and there are Dick and Joby Arlen, Bing and Dixie Crosby waiting to see me off.

"We heard you were going to New York," they chorus. "Are you ex - - - ?"

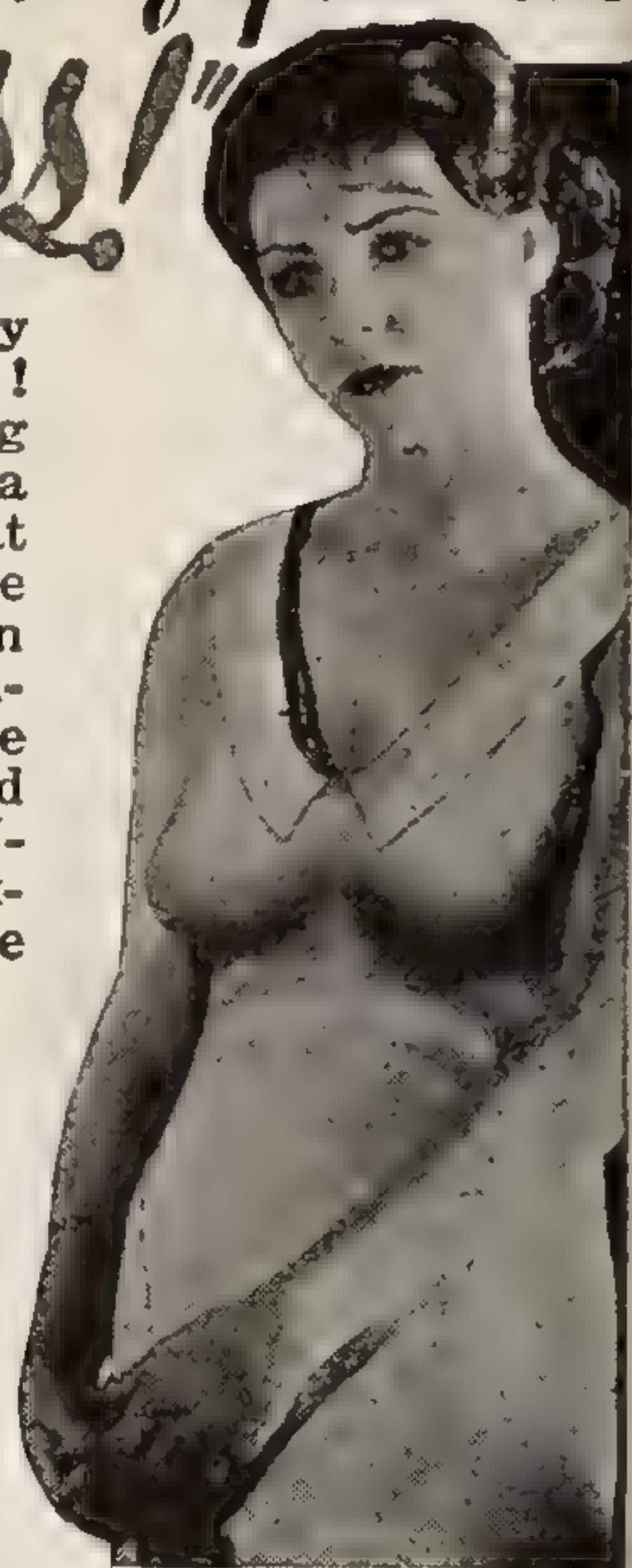
But there is a wild, despairing shriek from the locomotive as we pull out into the night, across the desert, where no one knows me—or cares if I'm excited! Thank God!

## She Thought her figure was "Hopeless!"

**S**HE was positively ashamed of herself! Was there anything more unsightly than a heavy, sagging bust? What could be done about those bulging tissues that hung in flabby masses, utterly ruining her charm? Imagine her joy when she learned of the wonderful **FORMULA-X** treatment, made expressly to reduce an oversize bust!

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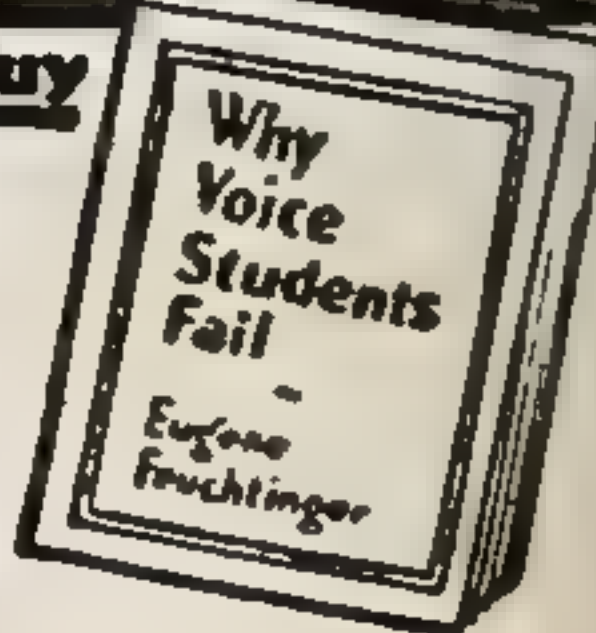
"My daughter's goitre is gone, thanks to you. Our doctor says she is now sound as a dollar" says the Rev. S. A. Cotton, Washington, North Carolina. Pictured above is Miss Sophia Kuric before and after using a simple, easy, harmless home treatment of a great Battle Creek Specialist. This treatment, which has already been used by 200,000 others who wished to avoid operation, is described in this Specialist's book on "How To End Goitre Quickly." Anyone suffering with Goitre will receive this book **FREE** by sending their name at once to Physician's Treatment & Advisory Co., Suite 518-L, Sanborn Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

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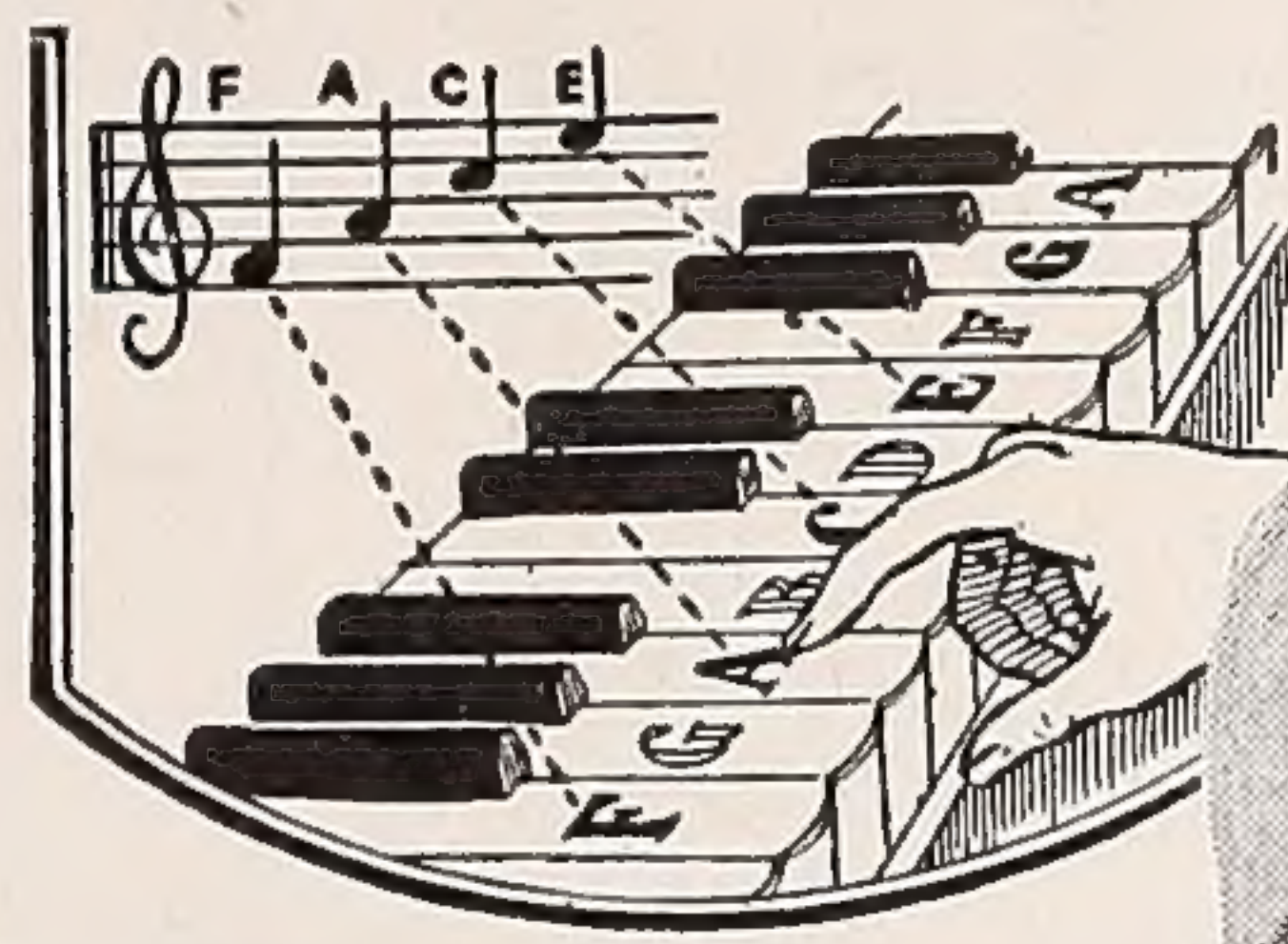
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Ginger Rogers, one of the stars of "Flying Down to Rio."

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For the enclosed ..... send to

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# The Final Thing



Mary Boland

THE scene changes. Now it is Garbo at the top again, by reason of "Queen Christina," and Hepburn a doubtful second because her Broadway theatrical appearance in "The Lake" is disappointing. However, with the impressive box office standing of "Little Women," Hepburn's present predicament has aroused greater interest than ever in her new picture "Trigger."

There is one appeal which both "Queen Christina" and "Little Women" have in common—they both offer us evenings far removed from the atmosphere of the present. This desire to get away from it all was very much in evidence in the yearly lists of the Best Pictures. "Berkeley Square" was centuries back. "Cavalcade" generations back. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" also gathered its picturesqueness from a background far away and long ago. "She Done Him Wrong" tattled on the Gay Nineties—and there are, in addition, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Roman Scandals."

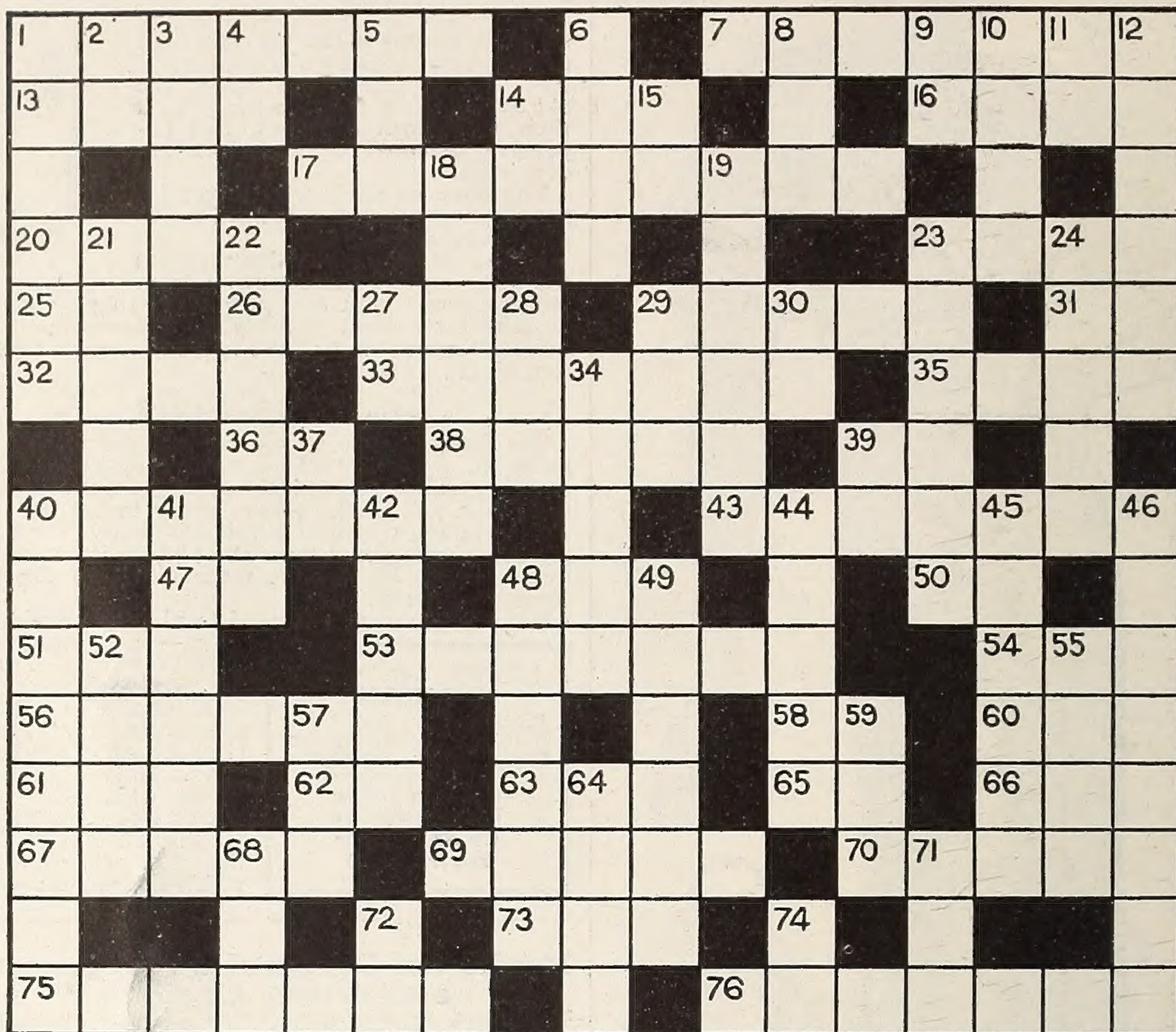
When so many productions avoid the present day dresses and homes, we may infer that it is difficult to make modern settings appealing. Therefore, great credit should go to "Mama Loves Papa" and "Three Cornered Moon," both of which were modern. Perhaps, greatest of all should be the praise to Mary Boland, who was so charming in both these great pictures. Whether she supports stars or whether she stars herself—she is always delightful.

Summing up 1933, we find that the greatest male stars are the Barrymores, here, and Leslie Howard and Charles Laughton from England. We appreciate that tremendous interest has been aroused over Myrna Loy, and it is our private belief that Fred Astaire, with his charming personality and dancing feet, has the greatest latent possibilities for the screen.

The Editor

## A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



### ACROSS

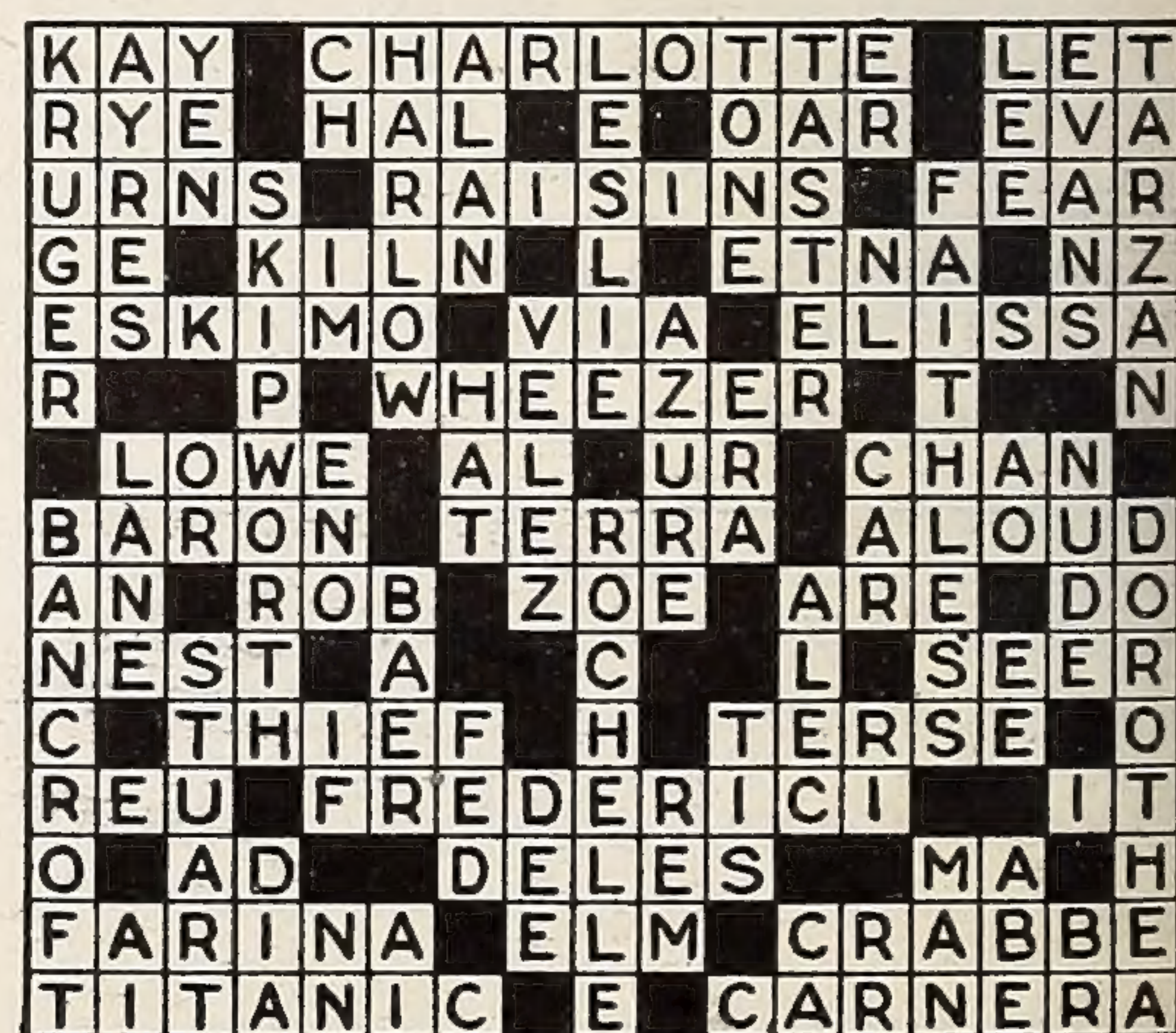
- 1 Chuck Connors in "The Bowery"
- 7 He played with Clara Bow in "Hoopla"
- 13 She was recently married to Bruce Cabot
- 14 An Arctic diving bird
- 16 The star of "The World Changes"
- 17 We shall see him soon in "Joe Palooka"
- 20 Steve Brodie himself
- 23 Her next picture will be "Sadie McKee"
- 25 She has written several novels (initials)
- 26 Bestow in consideration of merit
- 29 "Queen Christina"
- 31 A point of compass
- 32 A metal fastener
- 33 Remembered for her work in "Beauty for Sale"
- 35 The first great crooner of radio fame
- 36 A degree
- 38 An African antelope
- 39 Beloved by all movie fans (initials)
- 40 First name of only woman director in Hollywood
- 43 She is returning to the screen in "Rip Tide"
- 47 Part of the Bible (abbr.)
- 48 You can see her in "Gallant Lady"
- 50 Denial
- 51 Printers' measures
- 53 One of Mary Brian's boy friends
- 54 A resinous substance used in making varnishes
- 56 A character from "Mother Goose Rhymes"
- 58 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 60 A tree
- 61 River (Sp.)
- 62 Railway (abbr.)
- 63 Part of "to have"
- 65 Our continent (abbr.)
- 66 Born
- 67 Star of "Ann Vickers"
- 69 The most famous baby in Hollywood
- 70 A lever for the foot, used in light machinery
- 73 Hurried
- 75 Soon to be seen in "Trigger"
- 76 Her first movie rôle was in "Cradle Song"

### DOWN

- 1 He had his troubles in "Goodbye Again"
- 2 Morning
- 3 Part of a book
- 4 An actor-director (initials)
- 5 A vehicle
- 6 She wants to direct pictures
- 8 A tavern
- 9 An English actor in "Four Frightened People" (initials)
- 10 A motor vehicle
- 11 He's in "The Cat and The Fiddle" (initials)
- 12 The creator of "The Three Little Pigs"
- 14 Like
- 15 German coin (abbr.)
- 18 She is Mrs. Charles Vidor
- 19 Whose skill made Charlie Chan famous?

- 21 A cottonwood of Texas and Mexico
- 22 We see him now in "Havana Widows"
- 23 She is Mrs. Merian C. Cooper
- 24 One of the lovely younger screen actresses
- 27 A well known character actor (initials)
- 28 American money (abbr.)
- 29 An alcoholic liquid
- 30 Regarding
- 34 "The Invisible Man"
- 37 Near
- 39 Myself
- 40 She is exquisite as Catherine the Great
- 41 A swell comedian
- 42 A well known entertainer
- 44 Now enjoying success in the stage play "Mary of Scotland"
- 45 He appeared with Constance Bennett in "After Tonight"
- 46 She was Grace in "Wild Boys of The Road"
- 48 He played with Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"
- 49 A radio baritone now in Hollywood
- 52 She gives a fine performance in "The World Changes"
- 55 On the ocean
- 57 Before
- 59 To lick up
- 64 A desert dweller
- 68 Seize
- 71 Period of time
- 72 A college student in his final year (abbr.)
- 74 A verb

### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





# They Fight for their RIGHTS

In Hollywood battles are always raging. April SILVER SCREEN announces a brilliant article from our own war correspondent. Read of the struggles of the stars to protect their precious talents.



*Katharine Hepburn*

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Not long ago, I watched a small battle but one which might be duplicated a hundred times a day. Katharine Hepburn was supervising in the R.K.O. commissary. The guardians of the Exchequer (one of the "I do not believe we can show the rushes (scenes just taken), tonight, Katy." "Why not?" "The director is not ready." Katharine's lips tightened. "I want those rushes shown tonight. All of them. I'm not sure about this picture. I want the rushes to see where we're going. I don't like the feel of the thing—" "But, Katy—" "We will see those rushes, tonight!" They did. Katharine had girded on her armor and opened battle with her Monarch.

*Excerpt from story  
"They Fight For  
Their Rights" in  
April Silver Screen*

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raw nerves?

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And get a fresh slant on your smoking  
by turning to Camels. Much has been  
said on the subject of tobacco quality.  
But ———



**Camels are made from finer,  
MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos  
than any other popular brand.**

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represents an important benefit that  
nervous people should not overlook!

So change to Camels. Taste those  
finer tobaccos. Notice their mildness.  
You will be delighted to find that  
Camels do not upset your nerves...  
or tire your taste.



*Camel's  
Costlier Tobaccos*

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE